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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,

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SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Woodland, Cal.

Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, $40, that used to cost in San Francisco $100. jy19

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Office at Drug Store. WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

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First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store,

WOODLAND, CAL.

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Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

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DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

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Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
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C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Real Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

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I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP BY H. P. MARTIN, AT HIS PLACE near Woodland, one bay mare and two yearling colts. No mark or brands, but one colt has 3 white feet and star in forehead. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. sep20-2t

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

Infallibility.

We copy herewith from the Catholic *Mirror*, of Baltimore, Md., an editorial on what Infallibility means, which explains more fully the position of the Pope to the Church and State than any article we have read. There are some delicate points made, but with the power therein claimed being in the hands of an unbiased, rational councilor, and exercised strictly within the bounds of his church and not attempting in this nineteenth century to interfere with the State, there is no need of so many erroneous ideas pertaining to the powers of the Pope, as are believed by the Protestants, and especially the claims for his pardoning sins, for in this it is stated there was no such power ever given, not even to Peter, and consequently not to the Pontiff.

In order to avoid misconception, it may not be amiss to explain precisely what this dogma of Infallibility means. This will best be done by explaining—first, what it is not; and, secondly, what it is. It does not imply, by any means, that, in his private capacity, as a writer or preacher, even on doctrinal points, the Pope may not utter unsound or erroneous doctrine. The Pope has never done so; but, so far as the belief in the defined doctrine of Infallibility is concerned, he may. Secondly, it is not to be confounded with impeccability. No promise of exemption from sin was ever made to St. Peter or successors; nor did it ever enter the head of any Catholic to claim such exemption for them. Thirdly, it is not to be confounded with the power of deposing temporal rulers, or of absolving their subjects from due allegiance. Whatever may be said of the rights of the Pontiff to such power, or of its actual exercise, we can freely admit that the Sovereign Pontiff may even exceed bounds and commit sin, and act unjustly in its exercise, without trenching in the slighest, on the defined doctrine of Infallibility. It may be right to observe that if the Pope exercises such power, he exercised it independently of any other claim, than of the international laws of Christendom in force at the time, and the voluntary concessions of Christian princes themselves. Having seen what the dogma of Infallibility is not, let us now see what it is. It is clearly expressed in the Dogmatic Constitution of the Vatican Council. It is simply this—that whenever the Sovereign Pontiff, as head of the Church, as Supreme Pastor and Teacher, "defines," or clearly declares, that any point of doctrine is to be held by the universal Church as contained in the deposit of revelation left by God to His Church, or is opposed to the same; in other words, whenever he teaches the universal church the faith of Christ, he cannot go astray, in virtue of the promises of Christ, and the gratuitous gift of God attached to his sacred person and office.

Keep Your Secrets.

The whole world is full of people craving for confidence—people to whom a secret is like gold in a child's pocket, burning to be issued. Those who are high in rank, and blessed with every advantage, are often tormented for the want of a "true friend," meaning thereby some one to whom they can confide their secrets. And on those who will simply take them and keep them, they are willing to bestow friendship. To those who would be in such confidence, it is enough that they follow the advice already given, of never being directly or indirectly the means of disseminating gossip of any kind.

In connection with this subject, the reader may properly be advised against curiosity. There are people who cannot see a letter without a craving to know to whom it is addressed, or who cannot find anything written lying on a table, without involuntarily picking it up. The Paul Pry is the meanest character of society and he who would feel superior in strength and in integrity should strive vigorously to have nothing in common with such a type of baseness. Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation the secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying.

It is probable that Mexico will oppose De Lesseps' Panama Canal scheme.

A Great Walk.

Rev. Bro. Bell, of the colored Bethel church of Washington, made the walking mania the subject of his discourse, a few nights ago, and showed that we of this day are poor, weak imitators at best, even in "pedal movements."

To show his hearers that these latter-day walks are of small moment and sinful, he said he would "compare dem with one pufformance dat took place thousands of years ago. It was de greatest sportin' match, as dey calls it, dat eber come off on de face ob dis yearf. Now, jess turn ober your Bibles, my frens, and look at de fift chapter of Genesis, twenty-second vus, and what do you fine?"

"Why, you fine dat Enoch—walked—wid God!—(after he begotted Methoosaly)—three hundred years. Three—hundred years.

Jess shut your eyes and 'flect on it! Three hundred — years! Talk 'bout your fizzikle endurance after dat! But dat ain't all ob it.

"If you'll jess look at de twenty fourth vass ob de same chapter, you will fine, my b'loved frens, what a orful warning is in dat vass to you foolish creetures who has de conceit to make such onekal matches.

Did any good come ob de ole man Enoch's walk? Did he make any thing outen it? No, my brudden and sisters.

No! He loos by it, loos eberything by it—neber 'peared in the ring agin—in fact he went up. Jess read de vass; 'An—Enoch—walked—wid—God—in—he was not(dat is, he warn't nowhar) for God tuk him! To be suah, he tuk him,

He held out a long time, de old man did; he was doin' his level best, but 'Gle Massa tuk him on de last roun'.

Yes my b'lobed frens, and he'll take anybody dat tries dat game on him, an hist him 'higherin' a kite jess as he tuk Old Boss Enock. So take warnin' by dis orful lesson; let all dis kin of foolishness alone, and tend to yo' proper callin' as good Christians.

An' now let us pray."

Captain Eads, of jetty fame, "is a tall, slender, well-preserved man apparently forty-five years old." Of his scheme for the transit of ships across the American Isthmus he lately said to a reporter: "I propose to take the ship with her cargo out of the water and whisk her across the Isthmus, launching her upon the other side. I have demonstrated the feasibility of my plan, and I have the assurance of a number of capitalists that they are ready to furnish me with the necessary money to construct a ship-railway across the Isthmus of Darien whenever I am prepared to build it. Shipbuilders, men who are in the habit of taking vessels out upon drydocks, are the most enthusiastic men I have met in favor of ship-railway. They say that it is a thing that can be safely supported on a cradle for transit without the least danger whatever. I am making all arrangements as rapidly as possible, and confidently hope to be able to transport the largest merchant-vessels fully loaded from the Carribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean within the next four years."

W. H. H. Barton of Yarmouth has invented a machine which he calls a pulse metre, as it is operated by the pulse. This machine, which has taken him four years to make, when placed on the wrist, records the pulse. At every beat a hand advances one degree over a dial, thus recording the number of beats. Another hand sweeps over a graduated scale, which shows the force of intensity of the pulse. More remarkable still, a hammer is made to strike a bell and give forth a clear and distinct sound, thus making the human pulse audible as well as visible.

Here are two replies which if any of our readers should attempt to improve upon we hope they will send us the result: "Which of your children do you love the most?" was a question addressed to a mother. "Always the one that is absent," was the reply. Said one man to another. "If it wasn't Sunday how much would you take for that lumber?" "If it wasn't Sunday I'd tell you," was the reply.

Diaz positively declines to run again for President of Mexico.

What the Lads Read.

The Stockton *Herald* frantically asks of its readers: "What do your children read?" Why, they read "Lantern-Jawed Jim, the Reckless Scout of the Rio Grande," and similar productions, while their spare time after school hours in the afternoons is spent in poring over flash periodicals from Satan's printing houses in New York. And we don't blame them, either. They know no better. They have never been taught any better. Their homes have never been brightened with good books, nor their evenings rendered pleasant by the presence of well written and decently engraved periodicals. After being in school all day poring over disagreeable books they return home to find no amusement and no good reading matter. Politics engage the attention of the father, and fashion or poverity has made an anject slave of the mother. Home is really not home at all, but merely a place where one can have a square meal now and then and a good bed. The evenings are too often evenings of torture rather than enjoyment. How then should the boy pass his time? On the street with his companions, and the street to a young lad is a broad road to ruin. What can he read but the cheapest of cheap trash, that which his own scant pin money will purchase? He will be scolded if caught, probably soundly thrashed, but the mother will not throw the offensive chips from the basket and fill it with good fruit. The works of Dickens and Bulwer, the periodicals of Harper and Scribner will not be brought for him in place of the slush sent out by Munro, Beadle and De Witt. The father still spends his evening with his cronies and the mothers crushes herself under the social car. Left to his own resources the boy keeps on in his bad practice until at last he really begins to like that which at first he was almost forced to read in very self-defense, in lieu of anything else, with which to pass away the weary hours. And so the time goes on. The boy comes to bad and the mother and father are pitied, when it is they who deserve the condemnation and their son who should have the pity.—Sac. Bee.

General Butler is the best abused man of his time, and yet there are few men who have so much personal popularity. Odd and original characterst are apt to be popular favorites, and since the death of Mr. Greely there has been no American politician with such marked peculiarities of individual character as General Butler. It is not mere oddity that is so attractive to the multitude, but oddity combined with ability, force of character and general kindliness of heart. If the General is a hard hitter he is also a faithful friend and he is in his element in leading the nondescipt fragments of broken parties which compose his present political following. He marshals them under the banner of State reform and nobody can question that there is great need of reform in the State Government of Massachusetts. Such men may act a useful part when effete parties are disintegrating and old political machines await a bold inconoclast to smash and demolish them.—[Ex.

Josquin Miller has done several things this year which have provoked comment. In March, at a pot-luck dinner, given at the Bullion Club in Gotham, when each guest cooked with his or her own hands a favorite dish, Clara Morris made a portion of the dessert, Jennie June Croly the other sweet things, and Miller made the coffee and served it himself. There were a good many notable persons, Bohemians and others, present, and it was a subject of much conjecture with them how it was a poet could make such excellent coffee. They were probably not aware of the fact that on the Pacific coast, where Joaquin spent so many of the earlies years of his life, mining and prospecting parties always pick out the most worthless of the party to cook for the rest; and if there happens to be a poet among them the detail naturally falls to him.—[Argonaut.

Wicked but good. Scene—Hotel reading room, Gentleman: "I beg your pardon but where in hell have I seen you before sir?" Gentleman (looking up from his paper:) "I am sure I can't tell. What part of hell are you from, sir."

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Love-Sick Poetry.

If thou frownest, fondest, fairest,
Am I not sad?
If thou smilest, fondest, fairest,
Am I not glad?

If thou weepest, fondest, fairest
Thou killest joy.
If rejoicing, fondest, fairest,
Bliss hath no alloy.

If thou lovest, fondest, fairest,
Above earth I soar.
If thou hatest, fondest, fairest,
Still I must adore.

When thou'rt kind, O fondest, fal est,
It is bliss divine.
If thou hatest fondest, fairest,
Still I'm thine, all thine.

For, whate'er thy fancy,
Still I am thy slave,
Nor can aught unbind me,
Save it be the grave.
—*Anna J. Sadlier in Home Journal.*

Going to Bed in the Harem.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

When I began to undress the women watched me with curiosity, and when I put on my night-gown they were exceedingly astonished. "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do?" and, "Why is your dress white?" etc. They made no change in their dress for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright colored clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round till I said "Good night;" they all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, I got into bed, and turned my face toward the wall thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself for sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested for about five minutes on the soft, red pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying very gently, "Ya Habbi" —*i. e.*, "Oh, beloved." But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and the voice said, "Miriam, speak to us; speak Miriam, darling!" I could not resist any longer, so I turned round and saw Helweh, Seleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, "What is it, sweetness? What can I do for you?" She answered, "What did you do just now when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?" I sat up, and said very solemnly, "I spoke to God, Helweh!" "What did you say to him?" said Helweh. I replied, "I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked Him to watch me, and that I may fall asleep, remembering that He never sleeps, and wake up remembering His presence. I am very weak, God is all-powerful. I have asked Him to strengthen me with His strength." By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on my bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learnt the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic; I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I began, thus—"Our Father, who art in heaven," Helweh directly said, "You told me your father was in London." I replied, "I have two fathers, Helweh —one in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot till I write and tell him; and a Heavenly Father, who is with me always, who is here now and sees and hears us. He is your father also. He teaches us good from evil, if we listen to Him and obey Him." For a moment there was a perfect silence. They all looked startled, and as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, "What more did you say?" I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, "Give us day by day our bread," they said, "Cannot you make your bread yourself?" The passage, "Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," is particularly forcible in the Arabic lanugage, and one of the elder women, who was rather severe and relentless-looking, on hearing it, said, "Are you obliged to say that every day?" as if she thought sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said "are you a Moslem?" I answered, "I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister made by the same God who is the one only God, the God of all, my Father and your Father." They asked me if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, "Do you know that?" I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out, "Marshallah! the English girl is a true believer;" and the impressionable, sensitive-looking Abyssinian slave girls said, with one accord, "She is indeed an angel."

After talking with them for some time and answering as clearly as I could their earnest, shrewd and child-like questions, I said "Good night" once more. So they kissed me and smoothed my pillow. But though I was fatigued bodily, my mind was so thoroughly aroused and interested that I could not immediately sleep. I watched the women resting under bright-colored quilts, with their heads on low, silken pillows. The lantern on the stool in the middle of the room lighted up the coins and jewels on their head-dresses. Now and then one of the infants cried, and its mother or a slave rose to quiet it; and it was fed without being taken from its hammock. The mother stood upright while the slave inclined the hammock toward her a few minutes; and then there was silence again. The room was very close and warm, and the faces of some of the sleepers were flushed. At last I slept also.

When I awoke in the morning, I found that all the beds had been cleared away. Helweh and Sit Sara stood by mine, as if they had been watching for me to wake. A number of boys almost blocked up the doorway, where the sunlight was streaming in. Servants and slaves were chatting, and piling up the mattresses in the recess. Little children were quarreling; and the boys alone were silent. A black girl was sitting on the floor, pounding some freshly roasted coffee berries in a marble martar; and their fragrant aroma filled the room. I think the mortar was made out of an ancient capital; it was beautifully carved, like Roman work. Another girl was making a kind of porridge of bread, milk, sugar and oil for the children. When Helweh saw that I was awake, she called out to the boys to clear the doorway; and a group of women, shrouded in white sheets (who had been waiting in the court outside,) entered. They were neighbors, who had been paying visits of congratulation to the young mother I had seen on the previous night, and they had been invited to come in "to hear the English girl speak to God." My garments were examined with curiosity, and I had very much more assistance than I required in making my toilet. When I was dressed, Helweh said, "Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God, that the women, our neighbors, may hear?" So I knelt down, saying, "God, the one true God is the creator and Father of all; and those who seek Him truly shall surely find Him." Then, in a few simple words, I prayed that He would keep us in continual remembrance of Him. That we might feel his presence; and that He would write in our hearts, and lead us to seek earnestly to understand and to obey His will concerning us. That we might be inspired to love Him more and more, with a trustful and reverential love, and live in harmony with all people. After a pause, I said, "Will you say amen to that prayer?" They hesitated till Helweh exclaimed, "Amin, Amin!" and then the others echoed it. Sara said, "Speak yet again my daughter; speak about the bread." So I repeated the Lord's Prayer, explaining it (as I understand it,) sentence by sentence, at their request. They asked me some very curious and suggestive questions, and they prayed that I would stay with them always. But while I was taking coffee and hot bread and cream, one of the boys brought me a note from my brother, to tell me that he would be ready to start in an hour, and that I was to go to him in the divan as soon as possible. So Sara brought me my cloak and habit, which had been nicely dried and smoothed. With regret I took leave of my warm-hearted friends of the harem. They said, "Go in peace," and "Return to us again, O Miriam, beloved."

Memory In Old Persons.

The brain is the instrument of the mind. Every thought and feeling is dependent on certain changes that take place between it and the blood. Mental activity may be quickened or retarded, exalted or depressed, by the action of drugs upon the brain. Singular effects are produced by cerebral disease.

Age works permanent changes in the brain; it shrinks its bulk and hardens its substance. In consequence of this there is a change of mental manifestations. The mind acts more slowly in old persons. It does not turn readily to new subjects, and is not capable of as protracted or as lofty efforts. The feelings, too, are much lessened in susceptibility.

But in the memory the most marked changes occur. Some persons who have been more than ordinarily gifted in this respect, in old age become peculiarly deficient in memory. With the aged, recent facts and events are not so readily taken up into the mental storehouse, and what is learned is sooner forgotten.

At the same time the past stands out in vivid contrast with the present. Early habits return again. For instance, the pronunciation or the spelling of youth often reappears, to the surprise of friends. Sins, early repented of and forsaken, obtrude themselves painfully on the memory.

From this we see how important it is that the associations and habits of youth are such as shall give only pleasure in old age.

If one would not sink into imbecility when the brain begins to shrink, let him cultivate all his powers right along through life.

The aged should take special pains to keep up their mental activity.

A SPOOK SHOW.—The Bradford *Era* has the following: At midnight last Monday night the beating of a drum was heard at the lower end of Main street. The noise attracted large crowds of idlers, who watched with some curiosity as a long procession of white-robed figures filed down from the road to Tarpot. There were 186 men in the ranks, all dressed in sheets and pillow cases. At the head was a man with a bass drum and behind him marched the men, two and two. Here and there were officers, distinguished by a black cap drawn over the head. The demonstration afforded a good deal of amusement to the crowds, who "piped off" the spookish figures to their heart's content. As a bugaboo sensation for children it was a decided success, but how grown-up men could be persuaded into lending their presence to any such childish demonstration passes belief.

Plenty of barley meal, grass and water are the requisites in raising and fattening geese. If they cannot have a range in the fields, let the floor of the house where they are confined be liberally supplied with litter. They should be fed cut grass, cabbage, lettuce, etc., and not be deprived of a washing-pan in which they may plunge every day.

To destroy the vitality of weed seeds in soil by baking will in a great measure destroy the fertility of the soil. A better way is to spread the soil out thinly in a warm place and keep it moist. In a few days most of the seeds will germinate, after which the soil should be stirred and allowed to become dry.

Profit in Keeping Sheep.

An excellent farmer told me this year that for every sheep he kept he sold, in lambs and wool, an average of five dollars' worth per head. He said also that his sheep paid him better than anything else grown on the farm. Five dollars are nearly ten cents per week, and during the pasture season sheep can be kept at a cost of two to four cents per week. In the winter the cost is a little more; but if bean straw and other coarse fodder are freely used, winter keep need not be very expensive, and the manure would be worth a large part of the cost of feeding. I am not so clear about the profit in summering sheep. Where a farmer has a large amount of rough land unsuited to cultivation, sheep will utilize it better than any other stock, provided the land is not wet as well as rough. On low or swampy lands sheep will not do well, are liable to foot-rot and other diseases But if the farmer has only clover pasture, let him beware of sheep. Either he must feed so light as to get little benefit from his pasture, or he will ruin the young clover—and he may do both. Sheep and clover both improve the farm, but they will not do it together. One neutralizes the other. That "the foot of the sheep is golden," is a proverb only true when pastures are filled with natural grasses and the herbage is made sweeter and richer from being kept closely cropped.

Five dollars per head sales from a flock of sheep pre-suppose a good many ewes, nearly or quite as many lambs as sheep and a good market for them. My friend this year sold lambs at $3.63 per head and wool at $1.50. Not all the lambs were sold, the ewes being saved for breeding and about as many old sheep fattened in the winter as were saved of ewe lambs. To get such a price for lambs, they must be good ones. A full-blood Cotswold buck is used. As the ewe lambs are saved, the second cross is three-quarter blood, and the third is seven-eighth. Lambs even of the half cross are very strong, thrifty and heavy for their age. They are commonly dropped in February and March. This requires close watching and warm quarters in cold and stormy weather; but with these there is usually little loss, often less than farmers suffer who have ordinary lambs dropped in April or May. The grade of the Cotswold buck on the common native sheep, is hardier than the thoroughbred. They need better feed than the common native lambs; but they pay well for all they get. It will pay well to have a field of winter rye to turn on early in the spring, after the weather becomes warm—better still if some grain is given to the ewe to stimulate her flow of milk, and as soon as the lamb is old enough to eat, to increase its size. Young lambs will begin to nibble at oats when two or three weeks old and will soon learn to eat greedily. Only a very little is needed in addition to the dam's milk. The larger the lamb, the higher the price per pound. This is an unvarying rule be the price high or low. I know no way in which a little grain will pay so surely and so well as if fed to young lambs. Unless extra feed is given to the mother at least, early-dropped Cotswold grade lambs are apt to become stunted and will never fully recover.—*N. Y. Rural.*

Training Dairy Cows.

In a business like dairying, where so much depends upon the quantity and quality of the milk, the owner will inevitably lose money and eventually go to the wall unless special care is exercised in the selection of the cows. Whatever the breed, first the inferior ones and next the ordinary cows should be conscientiously weeded out from year to year. It makes no difference what the breed may be, these will always be found. Not that there is no choice in breeds; there is, and they must be selected with a view to what is wanted, whether butter or cheese. Whatever the breed, none but the best breeders should be selected to perpetuate the race, and as fast as developed the best should be retained. There is also very much in this question of development. An animal that, under good care and attention, will turn out a superior milker, will, under adverse treatment, prove worthless. When the first calf is produced, the heifer should be carefully handled; she should be milked clean, and every means used, by good feeding and warm stabling, to produce as uniform and large a flow of milk as possible. The calf should not be allowed to suck; it should be raised by hand, but on the cow's milk, just as drawn. The cow should be trained to give her milk freely. Good care and feeding will bring her milk to flow freely, if she it have in her. If not, discard her at once.

The education of a heifer to give her milk freely consists solely in gentle handling and in milking so that the cow may feel relief in the operation. Holding up of the milk, and kicking and running about are always the result of improper or brutal handling.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Miss E. A. Fazakerly is a well-known lady in London society, and she has her own steam yacht, the *Violet.* She prefers the society of her sex, and just now is cruising in the Baltic with three lady companions. She intends in this independent fashion to visit St. Petersburg and subsequently Christiana and Bergen.

Mrs. Brassey and Mrs. Byng's children appeared at a bazaar for the benefit of a coffee palace in London the other day, and made money by their quaint little appeals, "Will you have a wolf, a hippoppimus or a tiger for a shilling?"

The big bonnets in which the face looks as if it were in a funnel, or like an apple at the far end of a firkin, to use the old comparison, are thought to make the features look refined by their large surroundings.

"Quip" sends us this: A woman was recently fined in London for creating a nuisance by keeping nine cats in one room. Should she not have a cat-and-nine-tails?

Cover jelly with pulverized sugar before setting away. No mold.

HE STAYED MESMERIZED.—Recently a York street family entertained a number of friends, and among the guests was a Nicholas street young man with mischief in his eye, and who had a penchant for practical joking. There was also in the party a Sussex street merchant, who boasted during the evening of being able to put the strongest mind in the room under the influence of mesmerism. It occurred to the Nicholas street young man at this moment that he could have a jolly time, and his eyes twinkled, and a smile beamed over his face as he announced himself ready for the sacrifice. The merchant commenced the operation, and in less than two minutes concluded that he had the Nicholas street young man under control. He was allowed to think so, for his subject performed all manner of odd tricks at his suggestion, much to the amusement of the company. Half an hour later the merchant considered that it was time to restore the young man to his senses, but he soon discovered that he was powerless to perform the act, and, to all appearances, had lost control of his subject. When he had been under the influence an hour the merchant began to get scared, and so did the company, who looked upon the affair as a genuine transaction. Finally, a doctor was sent for, but before he arrived the young man had kissed all the young ladies in the room and scattered the company about in every direction. When the doctor reached the house he had fully recovered, and it was not until a few days ago that the cat was let out of the bag.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

A CHILD'S COOL COURAGE.—A little girl of Cincinnati exhibited remarkable presence of mind and courage:

The other day a four-year-old child in Cincinnati fell from a balcony fifty feet above a brick pavement, and went whirling toward the ground. On the porch of the story below stood a little girl ten years old, who saw the child fall and put out her arms in an attempt to save him. She did catch him, at the risk of being dragged over also, and though she was not strong enough to hold such a weight, she was able to turn the course of the boy's fall, and he landed at her feet on the floor of the porch. His head was somewhat cut, but his life was saved, and the little girl's arm was lamed, but not broken.

A Tennessee darky preacher held forth recently as follows: "You girls call your sweethearts 'darlings,' and you men call yours 'daisies,' and you girls are afraid to come up here for fear some other girls will get off with your 'darlings,' and you men for fear some other fellow will get away with your 'daisies,' and" said he, "between this 'darling' and 'daisy' business lots of you niggers are going straight to hell."—[Buffalo Express.

W. E. Forster, M. P., says: "In dealing with the education of girls in the training colleges it has been found that they require little driving to work compared with boys, and that they are more susceptible to influences of ambition and a desire to succeed. The danger in the training colleges for elementary schools is from overwork. There is no fear that young women will not avail themselves of the opportunities offered."

A young man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters." An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it would not sink."

"If you want a pug-dog, madam, what is a pug," said a dog-fancier to a would-be purchaser, "this here one's the dog. Why, his nose is just a-turnin' somersets atween his ears all the time."

The Methodist Conference of southern Illinois refused to admit a woman as a member, although she was a pastor of a church.

We take lessons in art, literature—a thousand things; but that high sense of honor, man's obligation to man, is forgotten.

The Best Evidence

Of the value of Robertson's Process for reducing ore is in the practical working by those who have secured a license to use the process. In one instance parties bought 300 tons of tailings for a dollar and a half per ton and took out between $30 and $40 per ton at a very small expense, making a handsome profit in a short time. John A. Robertson, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal., owns the patent.

When a young tobacco chewer, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, replied: "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long; just the same as if he hadn't used tobacco."

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Ad.*

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Since I began to take Turner's Regulator. Before I heard of it, my face was yellow, my stomach out of order, and my whole system debilitated. My skin is now clear and healthy while I feel like another person. I am advising my friends to try Turner's Regulator. All who have tried it speak earnestly in its favor."

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By Julia McNair Wright, is a book of real merit and worthy of a place in every family. A great amount of valuable information is given to the reader in a novel and attractive manner. The book is unique. We know of no other work which can fill its place.

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It is only a few months since the first cake of *Phosphate Soap* was manufactured by the Standard Soap Co., of San Francisco. As the ingredients and combination were the result of the best chemical science in the world there was every reason to expect something far superior to any toilet soap ever made before, yet it was hardly expected that the medical profession would indorse *Phosphate Soap* for its remedial qualities as strongly as they have. It is well known that physicians of high standing are conservative and slow to indorse anything new until they are thoroughly convinced of its merits. But when an article is worthy of confidence they are willing to indorse it. The public no longer wait in doubt, because they know that the physician who has lived in their midst for years and earned a high reputation in his profession will not indorse an article unless he is well satisfied of its merits.

Such men as Dr. W. A. Douglass of San Francisco, and Dr. A. J. Spencer of San Jose, Cal., have grown venerable in the medical profession and are respected by all who know them. These well-known physicians, with many others, have tried *Phosphate Soap* both as a toilet article and as a remedy for skin diseases, and pronounce it superior to any other article of the kind.

The soothing, cleansing, purifying and disinfecting qualities of *Phosphate Soap* render it a prime necessity in every family. Besides, it is a most convenient article. It is good for shaving as well as the toilet, and is also useful in removing grease and impurities from clothing and delicate fabrics.

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The San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE is unrivaled among American weekly publications. Some of the oldest papers in the United States, the names of which were household words a generation ago, must yield to it the palm. Its large size, extensive news facilities, vigorous editorials, and the sprightliness and variety of its contents, commend it to readers of every class. It is a splendid representative of the highest standard of weekly journalism, and its circulation corresponds with its high intrinsic merits.

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Mr. Wilcox is not only making the best pump upon this coast, but he has decided to reduce the price to suit the depressed condition of the times, and is selling at a reduction of 15 per cent upon his price list. Send for circular to 417 Mission St. S. F.

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THE Photograph Gallery of Wm. Shew has been removed from 115 to 523 Kearny St. San Francisco.

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TIMOTHY SARGENT, Manager

Captain Molly Pitcher.

Some two years since a monument was placed over the grave of Captain Molly Pitcher, at Carlisle, Pa., the Irishwoman who displayed great bravery at the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778, and who in a well-known picture of the conflict is represented as managing one of the cannon against the enemy. Monmouth, now the village of Freehold, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, is 18 miles southeast of New Brunswick, The principal part of the battle was fought about a mile and a half northwest of the village, on the road to Englishtown. Captain Molly was buried at Meeting-house springs, on the banks of the Connodogwinet creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, two miles northwest of Carlisle. Major Andre was at one time during the war a prisoner at Carlisle, and was, on his parole, permitted to go three miles from the town, and this very spot where Captain Molly is buried was a favorable resort of his, and it is said he was fond of making sketches of the place. There is also a story told of his saving a young lady's life near this spot by seizing the reins of her runaway horse as the animal was about to dash over the bluff overhanging the creek.

The battle of Monmouth was one of the bloodiest fought during the Revolution. Twenty thousand men were engaged. — Washington, Lafayette, Wayne, Greene, Morgan, Lee and other distinguished American officers were present. The English were commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. The battle commenced before dawn and continued all day, ending in the defeat of the English. About two o'clock P.M., a desperate struggle ensued between Greene's Brigade and the Hessians and Grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Moncton. It was at this juncture that an Irish girl, seeing her husband fall, rushed up to the gun, snatched the rammer from his dying grasp, charged and fired the piece right into the face of the advancing English, and continued to do so until the battle was won. Lossing thus describes the occurrence in his "Pictorial Book of the Revolution," Vol. II. page 361:

"It was during this part of the action that Molly, the wife of the cannoneer, displayed great courage and presence of mind. She was a sturdy young camp-follower, only 22 years old, and in devotion to her husband she illustrated the charcter of her countrywomen of the Emerald Isle. In the action in question, while her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post, and the officer in command, having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death. She performed the duty with a skill and courage that attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By this recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. After leaving the army she retired to Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson highlands, where she died. She usually went by the name of 'Captain.' The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living (1852) told me that she had often seen 'Captain' Molly. She described her as a tall, fair-haired young Irishwoman, with a handsome piercing eye. The French officers, charmed with the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and almost get it filled with crowns."

Fatal Haste.

As an excursion steamer neared the landing at Lake Quinsigamond at Worcester, Mass., on July 4th, there was a frantic rush from the shore to get on board, before those in the boat could land. The hurricane deck gave way and seven persons were drowned.

On the same day the same fatal mishap was repeated at Morris Island, in New Jersey. Several hundred people crowded on to the boat the instant she touched the wharf; seventy-five were precipitated headlong into the water and were taken out more or less injured, while some were killed.

Now, in both cases, there was plenty of room on board the boats for all who embarked, and there was plenty of time for them to embark quietly. The whole holiday was before them. Even if they had been left, they lost but an hour's amusement. Why, then should they rush and jostle madly as if on business of life and death? Simply because, we are sorry to confess, the normal condition of the average American is that of frantic haste.

Look at the throng leaving a train or ferry, or entering a popular place of amusement in any large city. You would suppose that every man was on his way to a dying mother, while, in all probability, not one has a single reason for any haste whatever. In France a crowd silently falls at once into a "queue," or line; each man is served in turn; or if he enters a public conveyance, he does it quietly, lifting his hat to those before him. In a word, he conducts himself like a rational being, and not an animal at feeding-time. Yet the American, to be just, would be more apt to make way for his fellowman in essential things than would his foreign brother.

We have made it a national habit to strain, to hurry, to live at a white heat. In consequence, we wear out body and brain at middle age, or live a prey to countless nervous diseases. The calm, slow, careful lives of the Friends offer the reverse side of the picture. They make haste slowly, and no class in the country attain a higher or fuller measure of success.

At the October Oxford examinations for women, three scholarships will be awarded. One of these, the Mary Somerville scholarship, of the value of $150, and tenable for three years, will be awarded for proficiency in mathematics.

A Tale of Key City.

Once upon a time there was a gay and festive young rooster, whose owner kept him in a neat little coop in the rear of a certain boarding-house. This rooster was a musical one—in fact he was a singer. In the early dawn of day, when the lodgers in the boarding-house before alluded to were peacefully sleeping at the rate of forty knots an hour, this musical rooster would open his mouth and sing his doleful song of praise to the god of day. This conduct on the part of the aforesaid rooster was very annoying to the boarders in the boarding-house before mentioned, and a secret session was held to plot against the life of the rooster mentioned above. When the council of war had concluded, one of the boarders said unto the dining-room girl:

"Go thou unto the coop of this troublesome bird, whose surname is rooster, and seek his life."

"But," quoth the dining-room maiden, "I fear that the owner of the bird may detect me, and then I fear the consequences."

"Go," replied the boarder, and I will stand between thee and all harm."

"What shall be my compensation for this deed?" adroitly remarked the dining-room girl.

"Whatever is right that will I pay," saith the boarder, and straightway he left the maiden.

Then in the lone hour of night, when all was still, and the rooster was peacefully dozing upon his humble perch, waiting for the dawn to come when he should again peal forth his clarion notes upon the trembling air of morning, the maiden might have been seen emerging from the rear door of the boarding house in question, and straightway hied to the rooster's domicile. Stealthily she approached on feathery feet, and softly opened the front door of the bird's home. Reaching in her dainty arm, she grasped the rooster by the last chapter, with her left hand, and with her right hand encircled his neck very lovingly. There was a short gasp, and a few hoarse sounds went floating out upon the air of night to lose themselves amid the ethereal spheres. The maid returned softly to the house. The next morning there were no sounds from the rooster's throat to break the slumber of the sleepers. The boarders feasted on chicken pie at dinner time, and no man knoweth to this day what really became of the musical rooster.—*Dubuque Telegraph.*

The Arab Physique.

In Lady Anne Blunt's recent work on the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates, there are some notes as to the physical condition of the Arabs that are medically interesting from more than one point of view. It seems that, in spite of their absolute temperance and constant open-air life, they decay prematurely. Well made and handsome in youth, at forty their beards are gray; at fifty they are old, and the age of sixty is reached by few. From childhood up, they are in hard training, eating but once a day and then sparingly; and sleeping on the ground. This insures them high health and a full enjoyment of all their faculties, *at the time*, but uses the body rapidly; and a certain "staleness" follows, which the Bedouins acknowledge by withdrawing early from all unnecessary exertion. The reaction is quickly felt; men of forty complain of indigestion, rheumatism, etc., and of the first positive disease they die. In youth, ill health or defective powers are unknown; but a man who falls seriously ill has as little chance of recovery as the wild animal. Doctors do not exist, nor is there any knowledge of herbs. The sick man is obliged to move with the tribe. He is set on a camel and clings to it as best he can. In the tent he lies surrounded by his friends, who—very Job's comforters—talk to him till he dies. Wounds, too, are often fatal, from want of knowledge and quiet. The Bedouins have no great appearance of muscular strength, but they are singularly active and enduring. They are patient and humane, seldom allowing their passions to pass beyond control, one main reason being their sobriety. No drink stronger than "lebben," or sour milk, is known among them; and they look upon the use of all fermented liquors as disgraceful. Brutal crimes have no place in the catalogue of Bedouin sins. The women are in person proportionately taller than the men; the older of them often become fat and unwieldy; the younger do all the labor of the camp, fetching wood and water, setting and removing tents, milking and cooking. They live apart from men, except their nearest relatives, but have plenty of society among themselves. They seem to have good health and good spirits; but in mental qualities the women of the desert are usually far below the men, their range of ideas being extremely limited.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New-Year festival the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to "sit upon him;" that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullabaloo, day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

"Get rid of him if you can," said his Persian advisers, "but do not touch him."

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: "Build a wall around that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

Anecdote of Gilbert Stuart.

Gilbert Stuart was the great portrait-painter of our Revolutionary period. His name is closely connected with that of Washington, for his portraits of the latter are quite numerous, and have won him renown as an artist.

He was not only a great artist, but his social qualities were such as to draw towards him all with whom he came in contact. He had a large fund of mirthfulness in his composition, as the following anecdote, which I think has never found its way into print, will show:

After Stuart had become somewhat famous in this country, he went to England, where, upon a certain occasion, he found himself traveling in company with several Englishmen. There was something in the looks and manners of the American which excited their curiosity as to who he might be. At last, one of the party put the question in a sort of round-about way; in reply to which, Stuart very gravely informed them that he sometimes dressed ladies' and gentlemen's hair.

"Oh, you're a barber, then?" said the gentleman, with a disappointed air.

"What! do you take me for a mere barber?" asked Stuart. "To be sure, I often brush a gentleman's coat, but"——

"I have it," interrupted the man, "you're a valet to some nobleman, perhaps?"

"Indeed, sir, I'm not! I sometimes make coats, waistcoats and the like."

"Then you are a tailor, of course."

"I assure you I never handled a goose in my life."

By this time, the curiosity of the party was excited to the highest pitch."

"What are you, then?" they asked in chorus.

"What I've told you, gentlemen, is literally true," said Stuart. "I dress hair, brush coats and vests, and also make boots and shoes at your service."

"Oho, a boot and shoemaker, after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen, for I never handled boot or shoe but for *my* feet. But, indeed, I will play the fool with you no longer, for I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my real profession. I get my bread by making faces;" with which he twisted and contorted his features in so comical a manner that his companions were convulsed with laughter.

Having quieted down, they declared confidently that he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a theater.

After some further questions on the part of his fellow-travelers, Stuart explained himself:

"Gentlemen, you will find all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait-painter."

Humors of the Day.

When a woman is making bread, she may perhaps be said to be in the very flour of her youthfulness.

A Chicago man wants the thief who stole his well bucket and rope to come back and take the well, as it is of no use to him now.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

An honest Hibernian, while going along the road, was thus addressed by a friend: "Hello, Pat, you've got on the wrong side of your stocking." "I know that," says Pat; "there's a hole on the other side."

"I'm a ruta-baga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp, as he entered a farm-house near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dishpan of boiling water.

They have had a very sad affair at West Point. A lady at Cozzen's told her mamma that all the cadets wear white pants; whereupon a man said, "So do their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts;" and he had to be shot through the heart.

Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed says: "To educate young ladies is to let them know all about theogies, the omenies, the ifics, the tics, and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sew*ing*, darn*ing*, wash*ing*, bak*ing*, and mak*ing* pudd*ing*."

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the saratorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

The wife of a railroad conductor who had been discharged had the lightning-rods taken off the house and sold one day during her husband's absence. "Why did you do that?" said he, when he found it out; "ain't you afraid you'll be struck with lightning?" "Not when you are around," she replied: "ain't you a non-conductor?"

They occupied a rustic seat 'neath the spreading elm; the pale moon-beams fell gently through the leafy boughs, and shed o'er each their soft and silver radiance. "Darling," whispered the poetic jeweler, "you are like the matchless diamond, you are so brilliant and so pure. And what gem do I remind you of, dearie?" "The emerald," she softly murmured; "because you are so green."

I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken, therefore, as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants. He who habitually slams the door instead of closing it is not only an ill-bred, but a coarse-grained, feebly-endowed creature.—*Schopenhauer.*

Eight per cent of the habitable houses in Glasgow are empty.

Outwitting an Old Chief.

One of the wealthiest settlers in New Caledonia is a gentleman from Australia—we will call him Mr. Brown—who went there some ten or twelve years ago with but a small capital, and has become enormously rich by raising cattle for the markets of Noumea. Mr. Brown was on his way through the bush from one of his outlying cattle-stations to another, when he lost his way entirely, wandered about till nightfall, and then came upon a large native village. Here he was hospitably entertained, well fed, and most deferentially treated by the Great Chief whose village it was—the chief Atai, I think.

This chief was all courtesy to his white guest, and when night had fully come conducted him himself in state to the hut set apart for his night's repose. Fortunately, Mr. Brown was acquainted with the customs of the country, and, among them, knew the common method of putting an end to travelers preparatory to feasting upon them. It is as follows: The traveler is kindly received; nothing occurs to shake his confidence in his host; he is allotted a cabin to himself to sleep in. The native huts have usually but one opening, which serves as a door and window both. When the traveler is supposed to be well settled in his cabin, this one entrance is set on fire. Being thatched, and made altogether of light wood, it burns very readily, and the traveler is cooked as well as killed. Then the feast begins.

Being acquainted with these details of New Caledonian life, Mr. Brown knew the cabin to which the venerable Atai so courteously led him might probably become for him both a tomb and a cooking-stove, unless his wits could save him. He entered the cabin of the chief, meeting courtesy with courtesy, till they were both fairly within. Then Brown, in the prime of life and athletic, Atai old and infirm, the Englishman knew he was more than a match for the savage. He closed the door within the hut, planted his back firmly against it, and sitting thus, with his hand on his revolver, and his other weapons ostentatiously displayed, continued his conversation with the chief.

The situation remained unchanged throughout the night. A terrible night it was, no doubt, for the Englishman, and almost as bad for the old chief, who again and again requested permission to withdraw, Mr. Brown as frequently declaring he could not part with him—he should not feel safe except in his company.

When daylight was fully come, Mr. Brown felt assured that Atai would not venture to allow his people openly to attack an individual so well known in the settlements as himself; and, both issuing together from the hut, he gladly accepted the escort of a native guide, and was safely conducted to the French settlements, where his adventure was the theme of considerable interest.

Suggestions for the Sick-Room.

In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has had time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement and to remove the cause. An invalid never should be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is the best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there.

In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear, she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.

PIG'S HEAD CHEESE.—Having thoroughly cleaned the head, put it into a large kettle of hot (not boiling) water, and set the kettle over the fire; let it boil gently, taking off the scum as it rises; when boiled so that the bones leave the meat readily, take it from the water into a large wooden bowl or tray, take from it every particle of bone, chop the meat fine and season with salt, pepper, and sage or thyme to suit the taste; spread a cloth in a colander and set it in a deep dish, put the meat in, and fold the cloth closely over it, lay a weight on which may press equally the whole surface. Let the weight be more or less heavy according as you may wish the cheese to be fat or lean; a heavy weight pressing out the fat, will, of course, leave the cheese lean.

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—BY—

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....OCT. 11, 1879

General Grant and party have gone to Oregon.

The anti-renters it Ireland appeal to the Irish race in the Colonies and United States for aid.

John Quincy Adams is the nominee of the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention for Governor.

The express car of a train was robbed by masked men at Glendale, Mo., Wednesday night, of $50,000,

On Sunday last Prof. Colgrove and C. H. Williams were thrown from a balloon at San Francisco, and both were killed.

At Liverpool Thursday wheat was quoted at 10s 4d @11s 2d for average California white, and 11s 1d @11s 7d for club.

J. R. Aslip the San Francisco defaulter who was recently captured at Callao, jumped overboard when off Fort Point Tuesday night, and was drowned.

Capt. Paynes command has been relieved by Gen. Merritt from the perilous position it occupied at Milk Creek, Colorada, and the Utes have been repulsed.

The walking match in San Francisco was won by McIntyre, who made a score of 500 miles, and ran his last mile in 5 minutes and 25 seconds—the fastest time on record. Carmichal was second with a score of 478 miles.

Let us score one for Grant, the Washington *Post* suggests, for slamming the door in the face of that insufferable demagogue and deadhead—Denis Kearney. His treatment of him is in refreshing contrast to that of his fraudulent successor, who a year or so ago received him at the White House and exchanged stupidity and hypocrisy with him for the solemn space of an hour.

We remark the Atlanta *Constitution* wouldn't advise the Democrats to make any more fuss over the elections laws when Congress meets. The Republician take the matter so much to heart that it seems mere wantonness to repeal the Act any further. They want troops at the polls, and it will be as well to accommodate them in this matter under a Democratic Administration as not. As we have remarked, Republican precedents will keep the Democracy in power fifty years when it once gets there.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The election of State officers and members of the Legislature will take place in Ohio on Tuesday next, 14th inst. The result will be anxiously looked for by the two great parties—both of which claim the State for their candidates. Should the Democrats elect their candidate for Governor, or even reduce the Republican majority of two years ago, they will consider it a great victory. The Legislature to be elected will elect a successor to Senator Thurman, and from the best information from all parts of the State it is thought that the Democrats will have a good working majority, which will insure the election of a Democrat. Gen. Ewing, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is very popular, and he may receive a majority of the votes cast, but we hardly expect it in such a strong Republican State as Ohio.

Disaffected New York Republicans.

NEW YORK, 9th.—The Independent Republican Executive Committee address a letter to the Union League Club, asking the co-operation of its members as recognized representatives of the real strength of the Republican party in the endeaver to elect the Republican State ticket and defeat Cornell and Soule. The letter is signed by R. R. Bowker, Chairman; F. W. Whetridge Secretary; A. C. Seabriskie; Treasurer and six others, who say: "We have tried, as in 1876 we saw you try to influence the primaries and Convention by our protests, and have met only such scornful defiance as Cornell gave to your patriotic words. We decline to submit to the scornful dictatorship which proposes to use us for the gratification of the private revenge of the Senator who has done nothing to represent in the councils of the nation the true interests of the chief State in the Union and has shown efficiency only when his personal interests were at stake."

Sources of Trouble in Ireland.

In a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Member of Parliament from County Galway, Ireland, thus strongly recites one of the causes of trouble in his native land: "The small tenants who make up the bulk of the Irish population are over head and ears in debt to the small shopkeepers; and for what? Almost entirely for the purchase of the lowest articles of human consumption—meal and flour. They eat no butter; they hardly ever taste meat; and tea, sold to them in small quantities at 4s. a pound, constitutes the luxury which modern habits have introduced. We are now in the middle of the nineteenth century; and Irish discontent, which simply means Irish misery, forms the opprobrium and the danger of the Empire. I ask all reflecting men if there must not be something rotten in the State of Denmark when the net results of all our theories of centralized Government and all our economic knowledge is, as I have often expressed it in the House of Commons that 'three bad harvests do not stand between Ireland and starvation.'"

And in a "Land Grievance Meeting," attended by eight thousand persons, in Clifden, Mr. Henry thus spoke to his constituency: What I say, and what I always have said in the House of Commons, is that the whole vice of the situation is that we are governed by a country (England) which does not understand our wants—which not only does not understand our wants, but what is more, cares very little for our welfare. The Irishman pays out of every pound he earns 3s. 2d. to the Imperial Government. There are three or four millions of money taken out of this country unjustly and spent in England. Beyond that, at least £3,000,000 of money is taken from this country in absentee rents. You have therefore a sum of between £6,000.000 and £7,000,000 of money which is regularly taken out of Ireland—money accumulated by the blood and sweat and bone of the Irish people. This is one of the principal causes why I think a domestic Parliament in Ireland to govern our internal affairs is absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the country. I call upon the Government to throw away its poor-law tradings, and send down commissioners to go from house to house and see the condition of the peasantry. I warn the heads of the Government that if, instead of taking warning by the prospect before them, they leave us for the winter without relief, when the potatoes which ought to be reserved for seed are consumed by the people owing to the pangs of hunger, I will hold, and we will all hold, the Government of England responsible before Europe for the misery that will result by repetition of the Irish famine. Good heavens! do we not know that if we had the management of our affairs there would not be a hamlet or small town in Ireland which would not have now connecting with the country, good roads, tramways, and railways, and that the magnificent bays with which God has surrounded this little island of ours would every one be developed to its utmost capacity."

There is in Cincinnati a National Association for the promotion of marriage. Its constitution says: "We have viewed with alarm and the deepest concern the rapidly-growing tendency of the people of the country (particularly those living in the larger cities) to remain unmarried—a condition unnatural and prejudical to the welfare, and happiness of the country—therefore to correct this evil, we do establish and organize a society." The aim of the society is declared to be "in all honorable ways to promote the marriage of citizens; and to secure such an end this society will, so far as lies in its power, assist and give material aid to young couples in beginning married life, such as helping them to secure homes and the husbands in getting employment, or in any other manner within the province of the association." The society has not been long enough in existence to afford the means of judging of its practical value. It held a picnic recently at which the attraction was the marriage of three couples; but it was not claimed that the meeting had been brought about in any unusual way. Six thousand persons paid 25 cents each for admission, and there was a great deal of dancing and beer drinking. The marriage ceremony was performed on a high platform, so that all could see. The bridegrooms were an engraver, a painter, and a peddler, and the newspaper reporters gallantly descibe all the brides as beautiful.

Beats Glenn.

Mr. Glenn, late candidate for Governor is called a large land-owner and so he is. But his immense possessions are dwarfed in comparison with those of ex-Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas. This gentleman, who was a poor man a few years ago, now owns a tract of land in Colorado eighty miles long by forty-five miles wide, on which are 13,000 head of cattle, 300 horses and a costly mansion. It is said he is also worth hundreds of thousands of dollars beside, which causes the St. Louis *Republican* to remark: "This only shows that by strict attention to business, there's money to be made even out of a United States Senatorship."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL ELECTION NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE will be an election of the legal voters of **Pine Grove** School District, in Yolo County, California, on the **25th day of October,** A. D. 1879, at the School House in said district, for the purpose of voting a tax on the property of and in said district, whereby to raise the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the purpose of finishing the School House and for the purpose of paying the indebtedness now existing on said School House. Polls open from one hour after sunrise until sundown.

Signed:
L. F. CANTERBURY,
J. D. GREGORY,
A. J. PIPKIN.
Trustees of Pine Grove School District.

Dated this 7th day of October, 1879.

C. B. CULVER,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

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MAIN STREET,.....WOODLAND, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.

WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the

18th day of October, A. D. 1879,

at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,

[SEAL.] By JAS. C. HARLAN, Dep'y Clerk.

C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. se13-td

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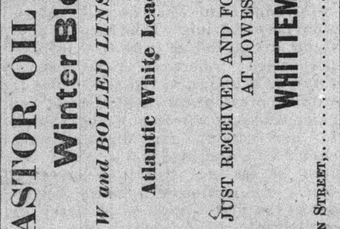

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GLASS,
CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
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Our stock is beyond doubt the Largest and Best Selected in the County, and as we have always kept the best we could find in the goods market, which kinds certainly are the cheapest for consumers to buy, we can at this time again assure our patrons and friends that the quality of our goods is the same as ever. We also wish to call the attention of the public to the fact that we bought our FALL STOCK under the most favorable circumstances, and therefore will sell them

CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTY.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

We have received No. 1, Vol. 1. of the Davisville *Town Gossip*. It is small but spicy. Success to it.

By reference to our advertisements it will be seen that an election will be held in Pine Grove School District (Winters) on Saturday, Oct. 25th, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the tax-payers of that district are willing to pay the necessary tax to raise the sum of $1000 with which to pay off the indebtedness on their school property.

A memorial was presented to the Board of Trustees last night by J. D. Stephens, J. D. Laugenour and F. S. Freeman, who offered to furnished the Town of Woodland, and all the churches and schools therein, with water free of charge, if they were granted the right to lay down water pipes in the various streets. The memorial was denied.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's. *

Messrs. Frommelt & Kern, Artists in Fresco, of Sacramento, have been engaged this week in frescoing the ceiling of Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store. It is a really beautiful piece of work, and we advise everybody to drop in and take a look at it. We do not believe there is a finer looking drug store in the State than the one in question.

Charmack & Levy have been receiving an immense stock of Fall and Winter Goods this week, and Geo. Andrews has been busy for several days getting them to the store from the depot. They will have them all opened and on their counters and shelves next week, when the rush will commence. Everybody will want to inspect the stock, and as many as do this will want to buy, as the goods are something extra, and the prices are very low.

Last night the Town Trustees were engaged in investigating charges preferred against Wm. Coulter, Nightwatchman, and a large crowd was present to listen to the proceedings. Several witnesses were introduced, but they utterly failed to prove the charges, and Mr. Coulter was honorably acquitted. When the decision was rendered, the crowd manifested its pleasure by loud applause, and upon adjourning to the street, three cheers were given for the Watchman. Mr. Coulter is the best Nigntwatch the town has ever had, and we are glad that his character has been thus vindicated.

The celebrated Swift & Courtney matches, three large boxes for twenty-five cents at Whittemore & Higginson.

Convention Notes.

The singers at Dunnigan have organized under the name of the "Choral Union," and have elected officers as follows: Director, Mr. G. Kennedy; Secretary, Miss Rose Dunnigan; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Wade; Accompanist, Miss Flora Earll. Meetings are held twice a week, on Monday and Wednesday evenings. We understand that this organization is making splendid progress, and all the members seem to take great interest in the work.

There were fifty-two singers present at the meeting of the Woodland Chorus on Tuesday evening last, and the music was rendered in better style than at any previous rehearsal. One week from Tuesday evening next, it is proposed to issue tickets to the members of the chorus, and after that time to exclude all new applicants for admission.

Prof. J. K. Van Slyke, of San Francisco, will act as conductor during the Musical Convention. Prof. Van Slyke has acted in this capacity on several occasions in the Eastern States, and will be a great aid to the chorus.

We attended a rehearsal of the Woodland Orchestra on Thursday evening of this week, and must say that splendid progress is being made under the directorship of W. B. Treadwell. Mozart's 12th Mass and Luther's Judgment Hymn were rendered in good style—barring a little discord caused by some of the instruments being slightly out of tune. Taken as a whole, their performance reflects credit on their director as well as themselves.

Reports come from all parts of the county where choruses have been formed, that rapid progress is being made, and we expect to see a very large chorus, and hear some excellent music.

Ordinance No. 27.

To Procure a Supply of Beer for use in case of Thirst and for other Purposes.

WHEREAS, the present supply of Beer in the Town of Woodland is insufficient for the needs of the inhabitants in cases of great necessity, as well as insufficient for the ordinary use of the citizens, and whereas John Shurley, the proprietor of the Yolo Brewery, has signified his willingness to provide a sufficient supply of Beer for all purposes, now, therefore, be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the town of Woodland:

SEC. 1. There is hereby granted to John Shurley, his associates and assigns, the exclusive right for the period of ten years from this date, to furnish the said town with pure, fresh beer.

SEC. 2. That within 80 days from date all glasses of beer sold on Main street shall be of the size known as "boot-legs" or "schooners."

SEC. 3. That said John Shurley shall at all times during said ten years furnish beer to the Board of Trustees free of charge.

SEC. 4. Nothing in this ordinance shall be so construed as to take away the right of the Board to regulate the price of beer sold in srid town.

From the Sunny South.

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 3d, 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD: — Standing in the verandah of the Stanton House, the chief hotel of Chattanooga and looking up at the rounded outlines of Lookout Mountain, the scene of Joe Hooker's "battle in the clouds," an impulse comes upon me to say a few words about the mountain I have just left and bring before the minds of your readers one of the most delightful of Southern resorts. In my life I have visited nearly all of the noted resorts of America—Saratoga, Long Branch, the Highlands of the Hudson, and many other famous places, but I do not hesitate to declare that for variety of scenery, for healthfullness and purity of atmosphere, for everything in fact that delights the genuine lover of nature, Lookout surpasses them all. Many people imagine that Lookout Mountain is the name of a solitary peak, which reaches its culmination in the celebrated "Point Lookout" and that to "do" the mountain, the tourist. like the King you have read of in the nursery song, has but to march up the hill, peer over the "Point" with a field glass and then march down again. In reality however, Lookout Mountain is a tall plateau about thirty-miles long and two or three wide, containing little mountains and valleys of its own and extending into three States—Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. The northern extremity is occupied by a straggling village, and is the portion best known to tourists. The village consists of three hotels and contains the summer cottages of Chattanooga people who have the good sense to avail themselves of the splendid climate and scenery which lie at their very doors. Twelve miles to the southwards rises High Point the tallest peak of the mountains, rarely visited by tourists on account of its inaccessibility. The profile mountain is very marked, consisting of a steep slope for more than two-thirds of the way up and then rising abruptly in a sheer perpendicular walls of sandstone, varying in hight from one to four hundred feet. This bluff extends for 25 miles or more around the side of the mountain and where its rocky cliffs are highest and project farthest in their barren grandeur beyond the vegetation that crown the mountain slopes, occur the points famous for their magnificent views over the surrounding country. First of those of importance and fame is the noted "Point Lookout." From here you can get a splendid view, as it commands a very extensive prospect in all direction. It embraces fully three-fourths of the horizon, and such a magnificent scene. Mountain reared upon mountain, rising ever heavenward in the far blue distance, till the dream of the ancients seems verified and Pelion piled upon Ossa has reached into the skies. The beautiful Tennessee, like a silver ribbon among the valleys, washes the foot of the mountain beneath you, while a train of cars creeping like a huge worm over some of the railroads leading into Chattanooga, comes perhaps to remind you of the smallness and insignificance of the works of man. It is said that from the top of Point Lookout one can on a clear day, see into seven different States—Virginia, Kentucky, North Corolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia. I confess to being skeptical as to the truth of this statement. But no matter, the scene is as grand as if it embraced a view of half the world. Rock City is next to "Point Lookout the spot most frequented by tourists. The scenery here is simply indescribable. Before reaching Rock City, the visitor if on foot, may pass through Rock village where he wanders amid a wilderness of stones that tower above him in shapes as fantastic as nature in her wildest freaks has ever devised. There are turrets of stone as round and perfect as if framed by the hands of man, while others bear strange resemblance to animals, particularly the "Elephant" and "Turtle" rocks, which when viewed from certain positions bear a curious likeness to the creatures from which they take their names. At Rock city the scene is of a different character. Instead of walking under the shadow of the rocks, the visitor finds himself upon a great stone plateau rifted and rent in every direction by deep chasms over which he must pass in going from one part to another of the city, which would be better named the Wilderness of Rocks. Most of these chasms are narrow, in many places not more than a foot wide, and as the rocks on the mountain are all of a coarse, soft sandstone that affords an excellent footing, they are easily freed at a bound, though it does make one feel a little nervous to look down into such abysmal depths of darkness, and reflect upon the consequences of a single false step. In such cases it's best to reverse the old adage and leap before you look. Near the Southern termination of Rock city is Chickamanga bluff, the highest cliff in perpendicular attitude upon the mountain. One of its ledges projects some eight or ten feet over the brow of the cliff and you can only venture to the edge by lying down and crawling on your hands and knees. Farther on, a few hundred yards, is a small but exquisitely beautiful waterfall, which, happily no doubt, for the poetical fitness of things, has had no name bestowed upon it.

But the gem of all the scenery on Lookout Mountain is the fall at Lula Lake. It is a drive of five miles from the hotels to the Lake, and over very rough roads. One's first feeling on viewing the Lake is one of disappointment at seeing such an insignificant body of water scarcely half an acre in area, but upon the second glance you take in the whole beauty of the situation, and your disappointment gives way to admiration. It is not, however, till you descend the gorge below the lake and see the fall, that your admiration reaches its culminating point. The chasm here between two spurs of the mountains is very deep, and of a horse shoe shape so that the visitor on descending, seems as if enclosed in a perpendicular wall of rock. The fall which forms the outlet of the lake tumbles down from a sheer height of 228 feet, and the rocks above tower up fully 100 feet beyond the top of the fall. The flowers and ferns that deck every ledge and crevice of the rocky wall around you, divide the attention with the wilder beauties of the scene.

From the falls we ascend to Eagle Cliff. The view here is not so extended as from Point Lookout, but far more picturesque. On one side of us rose the ragged outlines of the opposite cliff, terminated by the battling brow of Chicamauga Bluff, then in the far distance to our left, lay Chattanoga the old battle field of Chicamauga and the valley of Tennessee bathed in God's beautiful sunlight, while to the right, way up on the mountain a storm was raging. There is a kind of an intoxication about the air of Lookout that makes you feel when you first breathe it as if you wished to jump up and clap your hands and doing all sorts of foolish things to express the glorious exuberance of health and spirits with which such glorious air and scenery inspires you.

RUTHERFORD.

Ordinance No. 25.

The Town Trustees met on last Monday evening and passed Ordinance No. 25, which grants J. W. Peek and his associates and assigns the exclusive privilege of laying down and maintaining main and branch water pipes in all the streets and alleys of the town of Woodland in which the said J. W. Peek has water pipes at the present time; also the right (but not exclusive) to lay pipes in any of the streets and alleys of the town of Woodland. These exclusive privileges are granted to Mr. Peek for ten years on the conditions that he lay a 7 inch main from the water works to the intersection of Main and First streets, and that he furnish the Town of Woodland with water for use in case of fire free of charge.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the legality of this ordinance among the citizens of Woodland, and it will likely be tested. There are parties in the town who have been thinking strongly of erecting new water works. and the movement of Mr. Peek has put a stop to their plan unless they can prove the ordinance illegal. Mr. Peek has been to a great deal of expense and several years of actual hard labor to furnish this town with a supply of good water, and we would like to see him receive a remuneration commensurate with the labor he has expended, but we do not see any justice in keeping other citizens from furnishing themselves with a supply of water. If a number of our citizens wished to club together and erect water works for their own use, they should have the right to lay down the necessary pipes. If the Trustees have the right to grant such a privilege for ten years, they have the right to grant it for twenty-five, and should our town grow in proportion to what it has in the last ten, a monopoly would be fastened on the people as great to us as the Spring Valley is to San Francisco. If the New Constitution were in force at the present time, Sec. 21, of Article 1st would bar this ordinance out effectually. We are inclined to the opinion, however, that the present Political Code does the same thing.

The Tax Levy.

On Monday last the Board of Supervisors made the levy of taxes for the ensuing year as follows: State Tax, 62½ cts, Contingent Fund 40 cts; General Fund 17 cts; Salary Fund 12 cts; School Fund 13½ cts; Hospital Fund 10 cts; Bounty Fund, ¼ of a cent, Total $1.55. This is a reduction of three cents on last year's levy.

There is an immense quantity of wheat now lying, sacked, in the open air, and scattered over the State from Red Bluff down to San Pablo Bay. The transportation of the wheat which is sacked on the banks of the Sacramento river has been delayed because of the condition of the river. The channel is so choked by the deposit of mining debris that the barges are compelled to carry only half their cargoes, and consequently the carrying of wheat to warehouses and ship has been rendered very tedious. Could the barges load deep the grain would be removed in half the time, and as time must now be an important consideration, in view of the break in the weather, it is possible that serious damage may result from the check put upon river navigation by the flow of debris. It is evident, moreover, that at the rate the channel of the river is shoaling, in a couple of years more, if nothing is done, it will be impossible to transport the crops by water at all. When Congress meets again it is to be hoped the California members will bear these facts in mind, for assurdly they involve more weighty consequences to this public than the most exciting political issues.—[Record Union.

Suicide of a Pioneer.

Amnos Waring, a California pioneer and a resident of Washington, Yolo county, for over thirty years, committed suicide yesterday. Mrs. Waring came over to the city yesterday forenoon to make some purchases leaving her husband in as good spirits as usual. When she returned home, early in the afternoon he was lying upon his bed dead and almost cold. A bullet wound in his forehead and a small four-barrel pistol near him showed the cause of his death. Deceased came to California in 1849, arriving in the ship Azim, among his fellow passengers being W. N. Brooks and Theodore Weed, now residents of Washington. The Azim landed them at Sutterville, and soon afterwards Mr. Waring established the Olive Branch Hotel in Washington—at first a canvas structure, but subsequently quite a pretentious building. For a while he was connected in business with his cousin, William M Green, but the latter in course of time dissolved partnership and constructed a fine hotel of his own. Both houses did a flourishing business during the "teaming" days that preceded the railroad era. The cause of the suicide is attributable to worrying over property matters and the fact that he had lost his eyesight to such an extent that he feared it would soon be total. He almost completely lost his sight about forty years ago, but regained it when he came to California. It is presumed that he committed the fatal act about 11 A. M. yesterday, as about that time a boy heard a pistol shot in the vicinity. Justice Buckingham held an inquest in the case last evening, and the jury returned as their belief that the deceased committed sucide He might have been killed by some one but there was nothing to indicate it.—Record Union.

Try the Drawing Room Smoking Tobacco and the Fountain fine cut at Elston's.

Business.

There are several ways of doing business. One way is to advertise about three times a year that you intend to sell out in 60 or 30 days, and that goods will be disposed of far below cost. When the time of your promised retirement from business has arrived, and you still hold on, people begin to believe that you have lied about it, and wonder if you have not lied about your low prices also.

Another and better way of doing business is to let the people know that you have come to stay, and while you do not pretend to sell goods below cost, that you can and do sell them at as low prices as it is possible for you to do and make a fair profit. As an evidence that this latter way of doing business is the best, and will pay in the long run, we refer our readers to the firm of A. Nickelsburg & Bro,, who have gained an immense trade in this community by doing a strictly legitimate business. They keep the very best of goods, and their prices are as low as can be had in the large cities. They have just received a large stock of goods of all kinds, for particulars of which we advise you to read their double-column advertisement in this paper, and then call at the store, corner of First and Main streets.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

In another column we surrender space to a lengthly communication criticising the action of the Town Trustees upon the water question. While we are not prepared to venture an opinion in the premises, our columns are always open to free discussion on matters of general interest.—[Daily Democrat.

As is always the case when any matter of interest and importance to the people of Woodland is brought up, the *Democrat* is "not prepared to venture an opinion." When a person picks up a paper he generally looks for the opinion of that paper on the live topics of the day, and when a man gets in a condition that he cannot form or give an opinion, he had better quit the newspaper business, and apply for a permanent situation as a mummy in some museum.

MARRIED.

At the Capital Hotel, Woodland, Sept. 29, 1879, by J. H. Murphy, Justice of the Peace, Mr. Daniel Bemmerly, of Yolo county, and Miss Louisa Herberger, of Sacramento, Cal.

The Negro Problem.

Secretary Sherman has had an agent in the South, part of whose duties was to look into the colored man's discontent and learn its causes. If that agent had been told just what kind of a report to make, or if he had confined his investigation to the malarious region of Washington, his findings could not, the Philadelphia *Chronicle* alleges, have been more pleasing to his client. The agent finds the colored people of the South robbed, beaten and murdered by the red-shirted Democracy and there is no help for it but emigration. It never occurred to him to suggest that it might be worth while for Northern Republicans to try letting the races alone in the South, just to see whether labor and capital wouldn't get along about as well there as they do in the North—in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, for instance. A policy of non-intervention wouldn't bring much grist to the Republican mill, but it would be very likely to bring peace to a section which was distracted by war and crushed by reconstruction.

It is not to be imagined that every Southern white man has treated every colored man with whom he has had dealings with perfect fairness. Capital elsewere takes advantage of labor and is not always, even in the more perfect North, guided by the golden rule. Not every employer can resist the temptation to take a mean advantage of his ignorant employe, and it is not supposable that the chivalry of the South stands on a higher plane than the average employer. It is also true that the scrip and store order system is no more acceptable in Louisana and Mississippi than it has been found in Pennsylvania, which it has liberally cursed and in which it has been vociferously damned. These conditions are all objectionable, but being confined to no one section it becomes no one section to make a sectional war on them. They will have to be opposed in the South as they are opposed elsewhere.

The relations between the races in the South will never be improved by frenzied political harangues and secret intrigues. It will not be done by setting one race against another. It will not be done by dumping cart-loads of paupers into Western States. The time will come when there will be no negro problem in the South, and that will be after the Republican party has passed away. While that party lives, its necessities will keep alive the embers of race prejudice in the South as its best capital for doing business in the North.—[Examiner.

Wendell Phillips on the Rampage.

In a recent speech in Boston the veteran Abolitionist thus broke forth against the Radical party: "It used 'the bloody shirt' only as a step to office and once there, laughs at it. During the last six years it has never lifted a finger to protect the negro or execute the law. No matter whether the Democrats can prove Mr. Hayes a fraud or not, the negro knows him only as a fraud. Let me not be thought personal. There is nothing special in Mr. Hayes' case. I name him only as a fair representative and sample of all the Republican leaders. In this State General Butler represents woman's rights, the greenbacks and the negro. No matter what particular issue he may emphasize to-day, he cannot hide his national position which is at the head of these three movements. It is this position that makes men hate and love him by millions. What we have always lacked is an honest Governor to excute the law, as all our Governors have been Republican, temperance hypocrites. I have faith to believe that General Butler will execute what laws we have. The worst enemy, the most to be dreaded always, is your foe disguised as your friend. Arnold could do Washington ten times the harm Andre could. To-day our greatest danger is the Republican party, wolves in sheep's clothing—hypocrites; stealing the livery of Summer and Wade, to serve Shylock and Lamar. I hail their coming defeat, looking forward to it as the dawn of what old Sam Adams would have called 'a glorious day.'"

After mature deliberation, the Mobile *Register* has arrived at the opinion that if the majority of the Southern people should join the Republican party a large portion of the Northern people would at once quit it, for their prejudices would lead them to believe that there must be peril to the nation in anything with which the Southern people were connected.

The Afghan War.

The advance of the British columns into Afghanistan does not appear to proceed very rapidly. In fact there seems to be a positive difficulty in making a start at all. The camp formed at the mouth of the Shutargardon Pass has been already attacked by the hill tribes and the last dispatches seemed to indicate that the troops within it might be fully occupied in defending their position for some time to come. Gen. Gordon, intrenched elsewhere, has also been surrounded, and it has been found necessery to send reinforcements to him. The Ameer is evidently destitute of authority over his own troops, and his last message indicates that the signal for a general rising on the part of his regiments. In short it is becoming clear that the advance on Cabul will really involve the conquest of Afghanistan and for that work it is tolerably certain a much larger force will be required than has thus far been massed. In the last Afghan war it took the Indian Government nearly a year to muster the avenging army. At present the means of communication are much better, but it is doubtful whether the troops at the disposal of the Viceroy are much more numerous. Of course there can be no question as to the ultimate subjugation of the revolted Afghans, though the future disposition of the country presents a problem of the most embarrassing kind; but from the present indications it will be some time before a column can reach Cabul, and in all probability nothing important will be done before next spring.—[Record Union.

All lovers of good Tobacco, go to Elston's.

The Baltimore *News* says: It is considered a sinular circumstance that Grant made his trip around the world in a Delaware-built ship and also returned to San Francisco in one built on the same river. In view of the fact that the only large steamships now built here are constructed on the Delaware, he could not have returned in an American-built steamer whose keel had been laid in any other part of the country.

NOTICE.

We have this day sold the Grocery and Provision Department of our Store to Mr. C. B. Culver, and we respectfully solicit from our friends and former customers a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon us. CHARMAK & LEVY.

WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 2879.

Referring to the above I would respectfully announce to the public that in assuming control of this well known stand, I do so with the determination to retain all the old customers of the house and add many new ones, if strict attention to business and an earnest desire to please my patrons will secure this end. I shall endeavor to keep the best of goods, and sell them at low prices.

C. B. CULVER.

WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 1879.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL

mar15.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, the best and CHEAPEST newspaper published in Yolo county—$2 per year

Too Little.

Johnny and May and Dicky and Bell
Were going down to the Daisy Dell;
"I know you're going, know very well;
Take me too!" said dear little Nell.

"Too much bother!" says lazy John,
May, "Who wants *you* tagging along?"
"Too little!" said Bell, "Course!" said Dick;
"Hurry, now, Nellie and grow up quick."

Two sweet lips to quivering fell;
"Two little for *what?*" said dear little Nell;
"Too little!" cried mother, "too little to bear
Our portions in life—a burden in care.

"Too little a heart for trouble to weigh,
Too little for tears a moment to stay;
Of wrongs and rebuffs too little to know;
From mother's own side too little to go.

"Let Johnny and Mary and Dicky and Bell
Go frolicking down to the Daisy Dell;
But mother and Nell and pussy-cat-mew
Will have the merriest picnic too."

The quivering broke in showers of smiles
When mother went on to tell of the piles
Of strawberry-cakes, and candies, too,
With bread and milk for pussy-cat-mew.

The four round faces visibly fell—
Looked sober enough at mother and Nell;
She nestled and said, "I'd much rather stay;
I ain't too little for *you*, anyway."

A Strange Adventure.

The particulars of the following interesting incident were communicated to the writer by Mr. Z. Hampel, employer at the time by certain San Francisco parties as a mining expert in Montana.

During our examination of the Pleat River Valley, together with the beds of several creeks which make into it from the east, we camped for three weeks at a "bow" of the stream directly at the foot of two rocky, precipitous buttes which, at scarcely a rifle-shot from the river, rise at least a thousand feet above it. These crags are but spurs of a mountain-ridge which towered, cliff on cliff, to the westward, being part of the dividing range betwixt Idaho and Montana Territories.

These rocky heights were a favorite resort of the "big-horn," or wild, mountain sheep; the same animal which Professor Baird figures as the *Ovis Montana*, or the American *Argali*. For several mornings in succession, a large buck came regularly out in sight, at about nine o'clock, on the very brink of the precipice, and would stand for an hour, or more, "gazing," and seemingly motionless. Even at that height, the great size of its horns was very apparent.

I was aware of the rarity, then, of good specimens of this interesting *Argali*, and determined to try my own hand at securing this buck for the Smithsonian collections; for the animal seemed a splendid specimen of his kind. Accordingly after locating the "pits" for the day's assays, I took my Spencer carbine and set off, a few mornings later, upon what I must confess was to me a novel and wholly untried business.

The butte, or crag, upon which the big-horn had shown itself was the northernmost of the two first mentioned. Betwixt that and the one to the south of it, there was a canyon-like gorge, down the bottom of which, in time of rains, a torrent made its way into the river. I took the now dry and rocky bed of the torrent for my route up amongst the cliffs, thinking that I might thus gain some covert among the ledges, in the rear of the *Argali* post of observation, and by a well-directed ball, secure him for my prize.

But though by this time somewhat familiar with the fearfully precipitous and inaccessible character of the buttes and needles of this roughest and most rocky of mountain ranges, I became well-nigh bewildered among the boulders and out-jutting crags in the gorge.

Four hours of arduous climbing only took me to a point *where I saw I could get no farther*. All above me were sheer precipices. The top of the spur looked ten times more inaccessible than from our camp on the river below. Completely fatigued, I sat down for half an hour, to get breath and strength to get back down the rocks.

While sitting here, I chanced to notice on the opposite side of the gorge, a crack, or rent in the cliff, down which had come a "shoot" of coarse, reddish gravel and small stones. My eye followed the crevice—which might have been six or eight feet in breadth—upward to a sort of "shelf" at the foot of one of the summit ledges. Along the base of this ledge, the shelf-like bench of rock ran far round the head of the gorge, half a mile or more to the westward.

If once I could get up the "shoot" of loose stuff in the crevice, and gain the rock-bench above, I felt pretty sure I could follow round and get to the rear of the big-horn's watch-tower. But I was far too tired to attempt it that day; it was enough for me to get back to the camp.

Before sunrise the next morning, however, I had made my arrangements and set off again; and having the advantage of the previous day's experience, I reached the foot of the "shoot" in much less time, and began to climb up by it. To make a *ladder* of loose gravel, lying on a steep incline, calls for some agile efforts; but the rocky sides of the crevice assisted me, though I often slipped back two steps while getting up one, and once came near sliding to the bottom when more than half way up.

In half an hour I gained the rocky shelf, seen by me on the previous day, and thence with no great difficulty made my way by it to the top of the northernmost butte.

Here I was on comparatively smooth, bare ledges, naked and utterly barren, save for patches of moss and here and there little patches of stunted rockwort and other alpine plants; and this sterile tract extended back for a mile or two, to the foot of a second line of precipices which rose, crag on crag, in most imposing array. But even this comparatively level plateau was strewn with huge boulders and rocking-stones, some of which, as large as a church, were tilted up in most amazing fashion.

Keeping to cover of the boulders as much as possible, I went round upon the north spur and along to within a hundred yards of where I believed the big-horn had his "gazing-ground."

Here I took up a good position, partly under a large rock and in its cool shade, where I could look along the brink of the precipice beyond. As yet, however, I had seen no trace nor spoor of the wild sheep.

Half or three-quarters of an hour elapsed, and by my watch it was already past the time when the big-horn had commonly made his appearance. Something much nearer at hand now took my attention; as I lay there, close under the rock, a large snake suddenly poked its head out, scarcely a foot from my cheek, causing me roll forth in haste.

It was one of the most oddly-marked serpents which I have ever seen; and I think it belongs to some species not as yet described; On presenting my gun-butt to it, it drew back, but came farther out in a few moments, evidently disposed to dispute the ground with me.

I did not like to get up and begin an attack on the reptile. So watching my chance, I pinned its head down with my rifle-butt, and bearing on it hard, waited for it to die. While thus engaged, chancing to glance along the rock, lo! there stood the big-horn buck, not over two hundred feet off.

I lay as still as I could and bore on the snake. I didn't dare to let it go, for it looked venomous; so I held on and watched the buck; but turning my eyes back to the snake a moment later, to see how I was getting on with him, I saw two more similar snakes poking their heads out from beneath the boulder.

At that, I got away to the other side of the rock, as quickly as I could; and still hoping I had not frightened the big-horn, peeped round from the back side. At that moment, however, a slight craunching and scratching noise on the ledges caught my ear, and glancing around, I saw, a little off to the left, another interloper on the scene of my hunting operations, in the shape of a large gray-brown creature as big as a cow.

It was some sort of a bear. I do not think il was a grizzly proper, though it looked larger than any black or brown bear that I have ever seen. But there are bears of all stripes and varieties in those northwestern territories, even white bears or bears so light gray as to look white at a little distance.

The sudden apparition of this beast, so near me there, startled me prodigiously. I thought he meant me, surely. I faced around with a jump, cocked my carbine and took hurried aim to fire—and then I saw that the brute was not *looking at me* at all, but had its eyes bent malignly on some other object out past the rock, towards which it was moving with stealthy steps.

Like myself, the bear was after mutton; and I confess, I wasn't sorry to perceive that he was not after me. As the ugly brute stole past, distant not more than eighty or ninety feet from where I was standing in the shadow of the rock, I peeped around to see if the *Argali* had taken to flight.

Till that moment, I think that the big-horn had not seen the bear, for it was just facing round. Instead of fleeing, never did creature draw itself up more proudly. It stamped its fore-foot sharply on the rock once or twice, and slightly shook its large horns, making in its throat short, low, disconnected bleating sounds.

That was the first fair view I had got of the *Argali*, and the thing that most astonished me was the size and massive curve of its ponderous horns.

The animal must have weighed near, or quite, three hundred pounds, perhaps more. Its wool, which seemed rather like fine hair, was short, but looked to be very dense and compact; I should imagine it would have turned a charge of small shot, while its legs appeared to me to be longer than those of the ordinary Cotswold, or South Down, buck.

Instead of making off, the big-horn walked boldly to meet his ugly assailant, with the port of a tried and dauntless champion, giving vent to a peculiar, whistling "blow" of defiance.

The two were now not more than twenty-five or thirty yards apart. Seeing the ram so warriorlike, the bear paused a little with a menacing growl, then began stealing one foot slowly and cautiously before the other, with the hair rising on its neck and along its back. At this, the big-horn also paused, stamped its fore-feet alternately, and backed a few steps, then lowering its horns and curving in its arched nose, bounded forward at full spring.

The bear rose slightly on his hind feet and extended its fore-paws as if to grasp its enemy. But the buck did not come to close quarters. His charge was a feint—this time. When within ten or fifteen feet of its adversary, he stopped short and backed forty or fifty feet, almost as swiftly as he had advanced.

The bear, growling more loudly, now recommenced its stealthy approach. Again the buck plunged forward, and again the bear rose slightly, with extended fore-paws and an eager snuffing noise. But it was no feint on the big-horn's part this time; at each short, sharp leap, it seemed to gather impetus, and at its final bound, it struck the bear plump in the breast, betwixt its outstretched paws.

The queer grunt (or else it was the sound of the blow) which the bear gave could have been heard two hundred yards off. The great beast was fairly knocked over backwards, but leaped to its feet with a roar of anger, and whirled about to grapple the buck.

The big-horn had already backed off, and in a moment was coming again at full spring. Again the bear rose to clasp it and received another tremendous stomacher which landed him on his back. The roar of the bear could now have been heard a mile. But the buck was back out of reach before his antagonist could turn and seize him.

The bear's tactics of rising on his haunches to enfold his adversary with his paws, seemed in this battle to operate against him. For the tremendous blows delivered by the big-horn overthrew the bear each time before it could clutch hold.

Several feints on the buck's part now followed each other rapidly. Then there was another fair knock-over. They played off quarter-wise, then completely round each other. Two or three times the bear dashed furiously at the big-horn; and at this the latter would run off sidewise, in a semi-circle, and turn facing the bear at forty or fifty feet. This seemed his chosen distance of butting.

They fought in this way eight or ten minutes; and by this time both were much "blown." Foam-flakes tinged with blood dropped from the mouth of the bear; and there was blood on the ram's fleece.

So wrapt had I grown in the battle that I quite forgot my object there. The combatants had completely changed places; the bear was out where I had first seen the buck, near the top of the cliff.

Whether the big-horn had any thought, or instinct, in thus circling round to get its foe in this position, it may not be easy to say; it may have had. For it seemed now to make its "runs" on the bear more rapidly, without giving the latter time to recover its ground.

With a thrill of intense excitement, almost enthusiasm and sympathy, I divined what would follow. For now, scarcely drawing back ten yards, the big-horn dashed in its sledge-like blows hard and fast.

On tiptoe I stole up nearer; and what I expected to see, happened. The bear was knocked off the rocks, and with a growl went lumbering down out of sight. I heard the loose stones falling after him.

I might have shot it as it stood there, but it seemed too bad to do so. "The Smithsonian may lose a fine specimen," thought I, "but I will not be the poltroon to murder you in the hour of your well-earned triumph."

But it appeared that I would have to account for my presence there; for, suddenly turning its head, the big-horn saw me, and in an instant faced about, "blew" viciously, and arching its powerful neck, charged at me—much as it had at the bear.

But when a boy at home, among the hills of old Thuringen, I had learned a trick in dealing with bellicose rams. Dropping my carbine, I leaped suddenly to one side, the buck dashed by me.

Turning at a little distance, it stared at me a moment, stamped its foot, then stalked majestically off among the rocks.

I now looked over the cliff to see what had become of the bear. Away down, sixty or seventy feet, I could see someing that looked like its gray-brown hair.

The next day, Judkins and two other of the miners made an attempt to reach the place—to get the bear's carcass for fresh meat—but gave it up. I think there was little doubt, however, that the bear was killed.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Park Region.

The business manager of the Chicago *Interior* has recently been taking a vacation. He traveled away up in the region of the Northern Pacific Railroad about the head-waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Here is what he writes concerning the Park Region:

If God ever made a fairer spot, He did not locate it on this planet. Those gently-rolling hills and ridges set with lakes which rippled and sparkled in the declining sun; those dark green groves, in clusters or solitary, great forest trees lifting their plumy foliage in the center and rounding off to the low hazels which fringed the edges; broad rolling fields of verdure flecked with the gold of billowy oats or wheat; the white of cottages or the red of barns, here and there, like stray blossoms lost in a meadow—to say that we were delighted and overwhelmed with surprise would be the words for feelings which must go unexpressed.

I acknowledge that I was as ignorant of the character of this region as an Alabama circuit rider is of theology. The trouble was that the geography of the country, as a science, had been exhausted in the puffery of the Northern Pacific Railroad bonds. And then General Hazen had prepared our minds for incredulity by his most asinine, or most malicious, I don't know which, defamation of the character of the soil and climate of this whole region. I am ashamed to confess that I was further influenced by the abuse which the New York *Nation* heaped upon certain of the religious press for admitting advertisements of these lands, in which their merits were understated rather than overstated.

But never mind the *Nation* and other disagreeable things. How can we, when a bevy of young wild ducks has just swam out of that clump of sedge, and a black bass, a four-pounder, has just leaped half a foot clear of the water, and "Carleton" has just pointed to a charming cottage on a hill, a mile or so off, with a broad lawn of yellow wheat—perhaps a hundred acres of it, in front. "That man, four years ago," said he, "was a book-binder in Boston. I told him about this country, and he gathered up his little savings, and yonder he sits, among rosy children and broad acres in peace and contentment."

This Park Region extends southward fifty miles, northward, I judge, about twenty-five miles, though in the multiplicity of facts I did not get exact information of its northern boundary, and it is from twenty to forty miles broad. At no point of its whole extent are you out of sight of a beautiful little lake, a park and rolling verdure. Every acre of it is taken, though I learn that excellent bargains can be had of stupid Scandinavians and others who have no more appreciation of the beautiful than a cow. And here again the infernal ax is at work. I have no doubt that the Park Region, within reach of the railway, will be swept bare as the tops of the Sierras. Thank the Lord they cannot hew down the hills and burn up the lakes.

MAN WITH A MARVELOUS EAR.—Rochester contains a young man who is possessed of a peculiar faculty for distinguishing close sounds, and is thereby enabled to perform some wonderful feats. He is able to give the numbers of between 250 and 400 locomotives (about one-half the total number) that run upon the Central Railroad, simply by the sound of the bells. This faculty has been tested hundreds of times and has rarely proven a failure.—*Democrat.*

Young London.

The author of a series of papers on "Young London" in the *Telegraph* (London), records some of the changes of the half-century. When he first began to remember things, there were only two railroads in the United Kingdom. It took the best part of four days to get to Paris; and the postage of a letter to that city was one and eightpence. There were no ocean steamers; and five weeks were often consumed in a journey to New York. There were no lucifer matches lighting on or off the box; and flint and steel, and the tinder-box and matches dipped in brimstone, reigned supreme in the kitchen; oil was still burned in the street-lamps of Grosvenor square. There were no electric telegraphs, no post-office money orders, no steel pens—in common use—no envelopes, no perambulators. There were no cheap newspapers, no shilling magazines, no post-cards, no perforated stamps and counterfoils, and no paraffin candles. There was not a hotel in England where a lady could dine in a public room. There were only two decent French restaurants in London. There was no photography, no banzoline, no chloroform, no glycerine, no collodion and no guncotton. There were no mauve and no magenta dyes. There were no preserved meats, soups or vegetables. There was but little chocolate, and no cocoa. Soda water was a shilling a bottle. There were no hansom cabs, and no knifeboards to the omnibuses. There were no refrigerators and no sewing machines. There were no keyless or crystal-cased watches; no Albert or Breguet watch chains; no electro-gilding nor silvering, and no electro-typing. The steel fork in ordinary use had only two prongs; "balanced" table knives were unknown. There were no stays that were not instruments of torture, and no walking boots for ladies. There was no Balbriggan nor Balmoral hoisery. There were only a few velocipedes, and there were no revolvers. There was no guttapercha and very few cigars.

The Demand for Eloquent Preaching.

One of the special dangers and defects of preaching in this country is connected with the popular liking for oratory in the pulpit, demand for what is called eloquent preaching. The common American idea of the pulpit eloquence is low and sensational. It means chiefly a rapid and emphatic utterance of sonorous sentences, with something extreme, paradoxical, and violent in the thought presented, though not much thought is required. People demand of the preacher that he shall arouse and excite them, and they enjoy with a kind of voluptuousness the temporary stimulous and thrill of emotion which the preaching causes. It results from the laws of mental action that preaching of this kind does not inspire conscientiousness, nor tend to moral activity. It necessarily produces and fosters mental conditions which are extremely unfavorable to spirituality of character and life.

This appetite for eloquence, working with other tendencies of the age, has helped to make the preaching in this country dramatic and entertaining, but in a large measure unspiritual. This, I think, can be rightly regarded only as a calamity, a tendency opposed to the interest of religion, adapted to weaken and subvert it, and to lead the people who are influenced by it into a region where religion will be impossible or regarded as unnecessary. This is one of the most important among the unfavorable tendencies of the age. It has made preaching "more interesting and attractive to the masses," but this has been accomplished by sacrificing much that is essential in religion itself.

Fleeing Before Locusts.

A curious misadventure was met with by a detachment of Russian troops near Elizavetopol. As they were marching against the Turcomans, an army of locusts, twenty miles long, and broad in proportion, met them:

The officer in charge did not like to turn back, repelled by mere insects, and pushing on, soon became surrounded by the locusts.

These appear to have mistaken the soldiers for trees, and swarmed by thousands around them, "crawling over their bodies, lodging themselves inside their helmets, penetrating their clothes and their knapsacks, filling the barrels of their rifles, and striving to force themselves into the unfortunate men's ears and noses."

The commander gave the order for the troops to push on double quick for Elizavetopol, but the road was so blocked with locusts that the soldiers grew frightened, and after wavering a few minutes, a regular stampede took place.

Led by a non-commissioned officer of keen vision, who had observed a few huts a short distance from the road, the troops dashed across the fields, slipping about over the crushed and greasy bodies of the locusts as though they had been on ice.

The huts were soon reached, and the officers rushed inside, but the refuge proved to be of little value, as the premises were already in the possession of the enemy.

The peasants told the correspondent of the Kaykaz that for days they had been besieged by the vermin, the insects filling the wells and tainting the water, crowding into the ovens and spoiling the bread, and preventing any food from being cooked or stored.

At intervals, the villagers issued from their houses and made onslaughts on the locusts, killing them by thousands, and carting them away afterwards to the fields for manure.

The soldiers were detained prisoners by the insects for forty-eight hours; and on their march to Elizavetopol in the rear of the locust army, they found every blade of grass and green leaf destroyed, and the peasants reduced to beggary.

AGED WINE.—A bottle of wine over 1,800 years old, found in the ruins of Pompeii, will be opened shortly on the anniversary of the destruction of that city. Unless three or four bottles of whisky are also opened, very few Kentuckians will attend the anniversary.—*Norristown Herald.*

Nervousness and its Remedies.

One of the results, or, I might say, the penalties of advanced civilization is seen in the prevalence of the great number of ailments classed as nervous diseases. Our ancestors were scarcely aware that they had any nerves, so far as their presence was made known by symptoms attendant upon their disease. Among the savages, the semi-civilized nations and among the lower classes of European peasantry nervous diseases are unknown. It is among the most highly cultured, those who live in cities, and whose habits or social life are cultivated, that nervousness prevails to the greatest extent. Within the past fifty years the manner of living of the whole nation has changed. The inventions and appliances by which time and space have been almost annihilated have given an impulse to do everything in a hurry. The euger haste to accumulate wealth, the struggle for fame and position in civilized society demand an intensity of effort which none but sound minds in sound bodies can endure, and has caused men and women to live at a much higher pressure than did our grandparents, who were content to travel by stage-coach instead of a railway car, and to send their messages by postriders instead of by telephone. The concentration of people in cities develops and intensifies the nervous energies by its manifold and constant excitements, and so tends to multipty nervousness in all its forms. Modern civilization with its numerous devices for comfort, luxury and sensual enjoyment has rendered the plain and frugal life of our ancestors distasteful.

The tendency of the popular literature of to-day is to cultivate a morbid activity of the imagination, which is far more injurious to physical and mental health than over-action of the reflective faculties. The reading of certain works of fiction produces a temporary excitement which is followed by a corresponding depression. Until within a comparatively few years nervousness was considered merely an irritability of temper, a mental quality. It is now recognized by physicians as a physical disease. It makes itself manifest in many ways. Among its more common symptoms are anxiety of mind, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous sick headache, nervous dyspepsia, rose cold or hay fever, etc. Certain of these symptoms were formerly regarded to be diseases of themselves, and were treated without regard to causation. The failure to obtain symptoms, is often due to the fact that the symptoms were treated and not the disease. The severity of the symptoms can be mitigated and perhaps for the time entirely removed by the use of various remedies, aided by moral treatment. Anxiety of mind from whatever cause induced, if long continued, may occasion functional disturbances in various organs of the body. It may be the occasion of dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the brain, etc. If treatment is adopted early it can usually be cured. "Moral therapeutics" are of more value than medicine. A change of scene, absence from one's accustomed duties and surroundings, will relieve in many instances the strain upon the tired brain and allow it to recover its lost tone and vigor without the aid of medicine. Sleeplessness is a symptom of nervous exhaustion. Long continued wakefulness disorders the whole system and may lead to serious diseases of the brain and is a cause of insanity. A sleepless night cannot be recovered from by any siesta during the day. It is only during the night that refreshing sleep can be procured. Persons troubled with wakefulness should take daily exercise in the open air. It is a good idea to take a walk just before retiring. It is a popular error to suppose that eating just before bed time tends to wakefulness, on the contrary a hearty supper of plain easily digested food rather predisposes to sleep. This is due to the fact that the process of digestion requires an increased amount of blood in the organs that perform it and consequently less is sent to the brain. It is necessary, however, that the food taken shall be of a digestible and non-irritating character. Most of the cases of wakefulness among women are of a passive variety, which require nutritious food and a certain amount of stimulants. Of the latter, sherry wine is the best. A wine glass full with dinner; never between meals. Next to sherry, good beer, which may be taken at any time.

Alcoholic stimulants should never be taken except at meals. By following this rule, there is no danger of acquiring the habit of intemperance.

In what is known as the active or sthenic form of wakefulness—which oftener occurs in males—stimulants would increase rather than diminish the difficulty. A mustard poultice applied to the stomach, or cold foot-bath just before retiring, will sometimes do good.

Sleep always begins at the extremities; hence, not only the mind should be at rest, but the feet should be kept still. Various medicines are used to produce sleep, but most of them are of such a nature that their use, except under the direction of a physician, is unadvisable. The only preparation that I can recommend in a letter of this nature is the elixir bromide of potash, to be taken one to two teaspoonfuls, according to the case, one hour before retiring, and repeated every three hours until sleep is produced. Nervous disease often manifests itself in the form of a sick headache, and is due to some irritation of the nerve which is connected with the stomach. The medicinal agents which in my experience have afforded most relief in these cases are, powdered guarana, thirty grains, to be taken in water and repeated every hour until relief is obtained, or liquor ammonia acetatis (spiritus mindereris), one or two teaspoonfuls every hour. During the attack the patient should remain in a horizontal position, and if there is much flushing of the face denoting congestion, apply a bag of hot salt to the nape of the neck.

Coffee will relieve about one-half the cases in which it is tried. The relief may be temporary or permanent. Give it hot, very strong, and without sugar or milk, and on an empty stomach.

As before stated, all the above so-called diseases are but varieties of nervous disease, and a cure can not be expected until the cause has been ascertained and removed.

Owing to the great prevalenae of nervous disease, nervous remedies are in special demand. The danger is that when one particular remedy becomes popular it will be used to excess, and in the end prove detrimental. All nervines are necessarily perilous ag ents and should not be used indiscriminately, only under the direction of a physician.

Intelligence Items.

A high agricultural authority estimates the loss on English crops at $125,000,000.

There has been a great decline in the adulteration of food in England since the employment of public analysis. Nearly every county now has one.

What is known as the great cattle raising belt of Colorado is estimated to contain 15,000,000 head of horned cattle, worth upwards of $300,000,000.

The First Congregational Church of Salem, Mass., celebrated the 250th anniversary of its organization on the 17th inst. It was the first Protestant church on this continent.

At the close of the war a young man named Crouch hired out to herd sheep for $12 a month, in Frio county, Texas. He now owns 150,000 acres of fenced land, 4,000 cattle and 7,000 sheep.

Hangings occur in Texas just now with greater rapidity than murders. The law is catching up, and in the present frame of the public mind is likely to ge ahead.—*Austin Statesman.*

In the best schools of Holland there is always, besides the teacher, an attendant who sees to the personal condition of each child in matters of cleanliness and tidiness upon daily entering the school.

The ten little orphans left by General Hood are likely to be well provided for. Subscriptions are being taken up in different parts of the country for their support. There are three pairs of twins among the ten.

New York is suffering from a rather peculiar famine. It is a brick famine. Bricks are so scarce that building operations have in many cases ceased. If the contractors could only utilize the bricks that are to be found in the hats of New Yorkers, there would be no dearth of building material.—*Detroit Press.*

In London a policeman must not wear a mustache or a beard. The policemen of that city don't like the rule and are writing indignant letters to the papers about it. Of course no such regulation exists in New York, as the police authorities there have no desire to make the "force" a gang of barefaced scoundrels.

The term of office of the Supreme Court Justices of California begins on Monday, the fifth day of January, 1880. The six Associate Judges must decide by lot so that two of them will will go out of office at the end of four years, two others at the end of eight years, and the remaining two at the end of twelve years. Vacancies in this office are to be filled by gubernatorial appointment.

The California Governor-elect holds office for three years from the 5th day of January, 1880, as also the Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Controller, Treasurer, Attorney General and Surveyor General. The Governor's salary is $6,000 per annum, and the other officers named, $3,000, except the Lieutenant Governor, who receives only the same pay that may be provided for the Speaker of the Assembly.

Now that the flooding the Sahara project is at rest they talk of running a little railroad about 1,200 miles long to connect the Mediterranean with the Niger River. If the head-light of a locomotive ever illuminates the Dark Continent, its terrors will speedily be a thing of the past. The engine whistle is one of the greatest civilizers in the world, even though Detroit objects to its dulcet strain within the city limits. —*Detroit Press.*

Was the Prince Imperial Married.

The following is translated from *Le Petit Lyonnais:* A short time, then, before the outbreak of the Zulu war, a youthful couple made their appearance in the town of Bath. One was a sickly young gentleman, of about twenty-two or twenty-three, who wore the uniform of the Woolwich Artillery. The other was a fair and rather pretty girl, who talked English with a slight German accent, and carried a baby. The pair had all the air of being married, though their youth might at the first blush make that appear unlikely; and the husband (if he was the husband) was evidently French. Soon after the declaration of war, the officer called upon a Roman Catholic priest, resident at Bath, in a state of considerable agitation, and begged him to watch over his wife and child till his return from South Africa, whither he was obliged to proceed. He added that private reasons of the highest importance rendered it impossible for him to divulge his name and rank. The priest would seem to have accepted the delicate charge committed to him, and the husband sailed away. One day there came the news of the Prince Imperial's death. Thinking to interest the young wife by the information, the priest read the telegram to her. To his amazement she had no sooner heard it than she fainted. That alone would have proved little; but the *Petit Lyonnais* goes on to say that Father X—— was afterwards shown a photograph of the Prince, and, at sight of it, declared it to be the portrait of the very artillery officer who had intrusted the lady and her child to his care. A few days later, a strange lady with a baby applied for an interview to the porter of Camden House, Chiselhurst, and was admitted. A stormy interview is said to have occurred between the mysterious applicant and the Empress, who would have nothing to do with either mother or child, and both departed. The mother came back to Chiselhurst again, a day or two after, but this time was refused admittance. Since then she has disappeared, leaving no trace of her whereabouts.

English Immigrants.

On the forward deck of the *Helvetia* of the National Line of steamships between this port and Liverpool, sat Thomas Alders, in the sunshine, yesterday afternoon, his wife, a matronly, pleasant-looking woman, by his side, and three or four of his ten children playing about him. He looked cheerful and happy, although he had left home, and friends, and nearly all the associations a man holds dear, in far-off England, and was bound for a distant destination, in the extreme southern part of this vast land, the State of Texas, like Gideon, seeking a new home. He is a tall, well-built man, with blue eyes, a golden russet beard, pleasant voice, just a little marked with the old-country accent; was dressed in plain, substantial gray cloth, and wore a wide-brimmed straw hat.

Mr. Alders is the leader of a large colony of English farmers, numbering eighty-four souls, gathered from different parts of England, the greater part coming from Durham, in the north, the rest hailing from Leicester and Nottingham in the central part, and Somerset in the southwest of the island. There are eighteen families in the colony, the rest being unmarried men from eighteen to twenty-six years of age.

The usual trades are represented among them, there being a joiner, a cabinet-maker and a blacksmith. One member goes prepared to start a store. They all are more or less familiar with the useful arts, as well as being practical farmers. Their destination is New Philadelphia, Wharton county, a new settlement about two years old, but close to railroad facilities, and growing. The fact that they are a class that seldom emigrate, or when they do, always select some colony of the mother country, as Australia, renders their arrival additionally interesting. They have sold out their possessions in England, farms, houses, stocks, and implements, and come to the new land to stay, the words of the old song of the English emigrant, on leaving England, well expressing their condition:

"Here we've had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
For ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows, ripe with golden grain.

"Then farewell, Old England,
Much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, Old England,
Farewell forever more."

They are thrifty and well-to-do, and have from $2,000 to $3,000 apiece, on an average. Some of the younger ones probably have less, but they have an excellent capital in strong hearts and willing hands. They are, as a rule, hale and hearty and brown.

Mr. Alders, the leader, said: "We belong to no association, and are all coming out on our own hook. But we are social, and make profession of religion and morality. There are no drinkers among us, and all, more or less, were connected with some religious societies in England, chiefly Dissenters. There are some Quakers (Mr. Alders is of the faith,) some old Wesleyans among us. In the old farming countries the people are largely of the old Church of England, and when they emigrate they go in colonies. We have bought ten or fifteen sections of land in Wharton county. Two families went on yesterday by rail to Luling, Caldwell county. There are already nine English families where we are going.

"We are people of energy, have got much to make, and no doubt we shall all do well, as it is a prairie country we go to."

"What line do you propose to follow, stock raising or general agriculture?"

"We shall all go in cautiously with a little stock and mixed farming, as in England, and see which pays best. We shall raise cotton, linseed, and probably sugar-cane when we get the land in condition. We have our guns with us to shoot the wild game, and shall get along as economically as possible while getting settled. We shall spend as little as possible, and get the greatest good for it. That's the way the Yankees do, isn't it? (with a smile).

"Thousands will follow us as soon as they can wind up, if they see we are successful. I believe the old country is done. It is over-stocked. She can dispense with one-half of the population. Many of the large public works are standing still, but the proprietors don't encourage emigration. They want to keep the laborers at home, to keep the price of labor down. The workingmen in England when they do get big wages, spend it all, and save nothing. Most of us spring from the working class, and are seeking to better ourselves."

Mr. Alders was asked how it happened that he did not go to Kansas or Nebraska, where the tide of immigration set the heaviest. He replied that when he came here in March, 1878, he intended to go to New Orleans and thence back through the country, but missing his connection through a misunderstanding, he traveled down the coast, passing through Baltimore, Richmond, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Mississippi. He did not like the country thus far, and concluded he would not become a resident of America if he found nothing better. But the prairie land of Texas pleased him. The other was too heavily wooded, and to be obliged to clear off forests was paying too dear for the land.

Most of the immigrants visited the city yesterday, and expressed themselves highly pleased with it. They praised the fruit, declaring they got none in England of such flavor. "It doesn't get the sunshine enough, as it does here," said Mr. Alders. Speaking of affairs at home, he said: "I don't believe there's a bushel of English wheat thrashed yet. We don't look for a harvest before the middle of August, but when it comes the middle of September without any, that's a different thing."—*N. Y. Witness.*

The word character comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the very soul, and makes a man what he actually is.

The Late Daniel Drew.

Daniel Drew, familiarly known on "the street" as "Uncle Dan'l," whose death occurred last week, was for forty years one of the most prominent, as he was one of the most singular figures in the financial circles of New York. Uncouth in face and figure, ungrammatical in speech, with an air of rustic simplicity which was not the least of his "strong points" as a financier, he possessed in an unusual degree the shrewd, keen, aggressive, relentless traits which mark the successful Wall street operator.

His career was a remarkable one. Like his eminent rival, Commodore Vanderbilt, he was the son of a poor farmer, who owned a small homestead at Carmel, Putnam County, N. Y. The father died in 1812, and two years later Daniel, then seventeen years old, earned his first money by enlisting as a substitute in a New York regiment. The close of the war with England soon released him from service, and with his substitute money he began to buy cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties to sell in New York. The enterprise prospered; but the growth of competition stimulated the young speculator to bolder efforts, and with characteristic energy he pushed across the Alleghanies, bought cattle in Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky, drove them across the mountains to New York, and soon accumulated a considerable fortune. With this he opened a large cattle-yard at "Bull's Head," in New York, which became under his shrewd direction the chief cattle market of the city.

In 1834 he began the career in steamboat management which so closely identified Mr. Drew's name with the great lines of traffic on the Hudson river. His first venture was a thousand dollar share in a new steamer built to ply between New York and Peekskill. In 1836 he established a line of night boats to Albany, in opposition to Vanderbilt's Hudson River Company, and so cut into the profits of the regular line by cheap fares that they were soon glad to divide the business with him at the regular rates. Three years later he took part in establishing the well-known "People's Line" to Albany, himself becoming the largest shareholder. Other enterprises of a similar character, prosecuted with singular shrewdness and persistence, added largely to his fortune, until this rough farmer's boy and cattle drover had won a distinguished place among successful business men, and become the possessor of millions of money.

Mr. Drew entered Wall street in 1844, and before long made himself felt as one of the keenest and boldest operators on the street. His principal dealings were in Harlem and Erie stock. In connection with the former, he is said to have lost not less than $500,000 by a "corner" arranged by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1863. But he always claimed to have "got even" with his rival in the great contest over the Erie Railway which began in 1866. In this memorable contest, the most scandalous measures were taken by both parties to outwit and ruin the other. The "ring judges" were then in office, and their power was used without scruple to further the private schemes of the various factions who were fighting for control. The story is too long to be told in a brief article. Suffice it to say that "Uncle Dan'l" came out of the struggle victor by some millions, but a good deal poorer in reputation than when it began. At a later period Mr. Drew, after engaging in a number of dubious operations in Erie with Fisk and Gould, was "cornered" with a contract on his hands for the delivery of some 70,000 shares. The price was rapidly advanced, and Mr. Drew, in the effort to save his credit, lost a million and a half of dollars. From this time fortune seemed to have deserted him. He lost heavily in every direction, and in 1876 was compelled to seek relief in bankruptcy. The schedule of assets and liabilities filed with the Register showed that the latter exceeded the former by nearly $350,000.

The melancholy ending of this energetic but not always creditable career receives an added shade of sadness from the failure of certain generous schemes which Mr. Drew's better nature prompted him to devise. In the days of his prosperity he founded the Drew Theological Seminary, expending some $250,000 on the land and buildings, and promising an endowment fund of $250,000 additional. For this sum he gave his notes, thinking, as he afterwards explained, that he could do better with the principal himself, and paid the interest annually to the Seminary. His failure deprived the institution of both principal and interest. The endowment of $100,000 promised to the Wesleyan University shared a like fate. It is intimated that other gifts for religious and educational purposes are in a similar case, though in justice it should be added that many of his contributions to benevolent objects were paid in cash, and "so much," to quote his own words, "has been saved, anyhow." The failure to fulfill these sacred promises has entailed severe hardship on the institutions it was intended to benefit, and teaches a very practical lesson on the danger of procrastination to those who are proposing liberal things, but have not yet performed them.

It is difficult, in reviewing a life like this, to do full justice to the really great qualities of the man, without seeming to overlook his equally marked defects of character. One cannot but admire the indomitable pluck, the keen sagacity, the tireless energy which transformed the penniless farmer lad of Putnam county into the successful man of business, the rich and powerful "money king" of Wall street. Nor, in considering the obvious faults of his character, can we forget the rough early training which unquestionably left its impress on his whole subsequent career. But these considerations, while they may soften our judgment of the man, ought not to weaken our protest against the methods by which he sometimes sought to build up his fortune—methods of which the notable "Erie war" was a conspicuous example. Men are living to-day who have good reason to remember Daniel Drew—but hardly with feelings of gratitude or admiration. On the whole, despite its really great achievements in material things, some of which have been of substantial benefit to the world, it was not a great or commendable life, nor one that it would be well to see repeated.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Venetian Courtship.

The Venetians have had a practical and strictly business-like way of arranging marriages from the earliest times. The shrewdest provision has always been made for the good of the State, private and public interest being consulted. The small matter of the affections has been left to the chances of association, and it does not seem that Venetian society has ever dealt severely with husbands or wives whom incompatibilities forced to seek consolation outside of matrimony. Herodotus relates that the Illyrian Veneti sold their daughters at auction to the highest bidder; and the fair being thus comfortably placed in life, the hard-favored were given to whomsoever would take them, with such dower as might be considered a reasonable compensation. The auction was discontinued in Christian times, but marriage contracts still partook of the form of a public and half mercantile transaction. At a comparatively late period Venetian fathers went with their daughters to a great annual matrimonial fair at San Pietro of Castello Cilvolo, and the youth of the lagoons repaired thither to choose wives from the number of the maidens. These were all dressed in white, with hair loose about their neck, and each bore her dower in a little box, slung over her shoulder by a ribbon. It is supposed that there was commonly a previous understanding between each damsel and some youth in the crowd; as soon as all had paired off, the bishop gave them a sermon and his benediction, and the young men gathered up their brides and boxes and went away wedded. This going to San Pietro's, selecting a wife and marrying her on the spot, out of hand, could only have been the contrivance of a straightforward, practical race. Among the common people betrothals were managed with even greater ease and dispatch till a very late day in history, and in the record of a certain trial, which took place in 1443, there is an account of one of these brief and unceremonious courtships. Donna Catarussa, who gives evidence, and whom I take to have been a worthless, idle gossip, was one day sitting at her door when Pietro of Trento passed, selling brooms, and said to her:

"Madonna, give me some nice girl to be my wife."

As Donna Catarussa thought at once of a suitable match, she said:

"In faith of God, I know one for you. Come again to-morrow."

So then both met next day, and the woman chosen by Donna Catarussa was asked:

"Wouldst thou like to have Pietro for thy husband, as God commands the holy church?"

"Yes," she answered.

And Pietro being asked the like question, answered:

"Why, yes, certainly."

And they went off and had the wedding feast.

A Heroic Light-House Keeper.

The Arcadians have a tradition that God enjoined perpetual silence and desolation on Labrador and Anticosti when He gave them to Cain for a heritage. However that may be, it is certain that tho' other wilds of the earth yield to man's conquest, these vast wastes remain ever void and empty. The Indians call the island Natiscottee—the country of wailing—and under the modern corruption of Anticosti it has added to its terrible renown. Its whole history, from the day it was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534 to the present, is a record of human suffering. Here and there, however, there is a tale of heroism worthy of a nobler scene. In August, 1860, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay Lighthouse, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and, to add to his misfortunes, the revolving apparatus of his light broke. The government steamer had gone and Pope had no means of communicating with the marine department at Quebec or elsewhere. The light revolved, or flashed, as the technical phrase is, every minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken by passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to dire loss of life. Pope found that with a little exertion he could turn it and make it flash, and at once determined to fill the place of the automatic gear. Accordingly this humble hero sat in the turret, with his watch by his side, turning the light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7 P. M. until 7 A. M., from the middle of August until the first of December, and from the first of April until the end of June, when the government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus. All through the first season Pope's daughter and grandchildren were ill unto death, with nobody but him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly through the day, but as night fell on the rock-bound coast, he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian Government and humanity with unflinching devotion. In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light-room. This man may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed has never until this day been chronicled, for of the heroes of Anticosti, as of the long roll of her victims, the world knows nothing.

A New York lady writes: "If I could have my way, every smoker should marry a smoker or live alone forever." Now, do you know, that would be rather a nice idea—matrimonial smoke, as it were; one pipe with but a single blast, two stems that smoke as one. Smoking girls desirous of getting married will please mention the particular brand of tobacco they affect.

An ounce of peach kernels contains a grain of prussic acid, which is a fatal quantity. Ammonia is the best antidote.

Wit and Humor.

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.

A Nebraska belle is engaged to marry a Mr. Lemon. He has promised to be her Lemon aid.

A woman with two heads has just arrived from Europe. Eight bonnets a year!—only think of it!

PROFESSOR.—"How do you know that you know anything?"
SENIOR.—"I don't know."

Nero, Pompey and Cæsar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

The amount of pin-money required by the married woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife, "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

It is very easy for a doctor to order a patient to make a sea voyage for his health, because all sick people always have $10,000 in the bank.

The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." Your wife can tell by the perfume of the article whether you've been to the bar or not.

"The more shirtee Melican man get washee, more money Chinaman makee," is the way a Philadelphia laundryman translates "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

School Inspector: "Now, youngster, can you name me a mild winter?" Scholar: "The winter of '75. Then our teacher was sick for six weeks."—[Rome Sentinel.

"Pardon me," said Bob, when he stepped on the girl's foot in the dance. "Don't apologize," said she; "beaux on the shoes are fashionable, and we stand anything for style."

A clergyman won the canoe race at Lake George the other day. The rest of the cloth will please observe that it was practice, not preaching, that enabled him to come off victor.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

A bachelor upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night, with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

A canny Scotchman inquired of a fellow-trader: "Is Colonel——a man to be trusted?"

"I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever."

"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine years ago."

"Lor', miss, how the time do slip away!"

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and, remarking that "Time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing, he'd take it out in pie.—[New York News.

"What we want now," commenced a confused and timid speaker at a meeting of a debating society, "is—is—not—not so much what we don't want as that which we most require." His hearers agreed with him.

A certain young lady who was a little behind in her summer outfit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up she told them—because she had no little hat yet.

A Michigan lady wants to know whether or not it is honorable for a young man to stand idly by and watch a girl pass out of her teens into her twenties and so on, down to the shady side of forty, still bearing her maiden name.

A young clerk in Holyoke spent six hours in a refrigerator the other day, having been imprisoned by mistake. He felt on coming out as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church sociable.—[Turners Falls Reporter.

Mme V. to her servant: "Jean Baptiste, who did throw that stump of a cigar down there?" "It was master. But we must not complain, madame," adds this excellent servant: "Master has not yet reached a point where we can proceed against him."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right."

"What shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she, "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked. "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

"You love me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said, tenderly, "you are my own and only—" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's showbills."

QUITE ACCOUNTING FOR IT.—Mrs. Scroggins: "How did yewr mamma like that butter I sold her, Miss Lucy?" Miss Lucy: "The butter was not good at all, it was all sorts of different colors." Mrs. Scroggins: "That ain't noffin'. If yew was to see my cows yew'd find them a main soight more speckelder than the butter."—[Fun.

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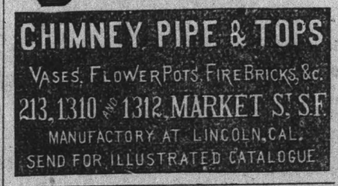

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PHOSPHATE SOAP

TESTIMONIALS.

SAN JOSE, September 24, 1879.
To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities.
A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 27, 1879.

Gentlemen:

I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, *Pruritus*, the other an *Eczema*. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
126 O'Farrell St.
To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.
C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gents:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial agent of the kind that we have used.—*S. F. Medico-Literary Journal.*

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.
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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....OCT. 11, 1879

Advice to a Graduate.

Remember that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better men than you that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows, that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral, or even heard of the death. Be as smart as you can of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him: they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get with a ream of paper and a copper signature in six months. Young men are useful and they are ornamental, and we couldn't engineer a picnic succesfully without them. But they are no novelties. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easly found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.—Hawkeye.

THE VISIONS OF AN OPIUM SMOKER.—A confirmed opium smoker relates the sensations imparted by the use of the drug as follows: He says as soon as I get well under the influence it brings a contentment beyond imagination, and a sense of peace such as visits the fabled eater of the lotus, a feeling which in its entirety places one on a supreme throne, calm as Buddha, ruling as a windless, waveless, voiceless kingdom of everlasting rest. To this succeeded a knowledge of power to plan and execute such schemes as are known only to the gigantic and unattainable, coupled with the thought, "I can do those things, but I will not. What is all else compared to this?"—Again the scene shifted, and in a state of semi-consciousness there followed each other like a panorama, gorgeous visions of Oriental magnificence, of tall and stately minarets, of palaces glittering beneath a noonday sun, of armies marching forth in all the circumstances of war, conquering and to conquer. Finally the gigantic superceded the beautiful and grand until the sleep brought a close to the tremendous imaginings of a dream. You awake but to what? Headache, nausea, a burning, tightening grip at your throat, a general sensation such as attends the recovery of a New Year's drunk. But the worst of it is there seems to be only one remedy—smoke again and again leave care and sorrow and suffering behind. Thus beginning in curiosity and continuing from seeming necessity, the end is over and always a death so horrible as to rival the tortures of mania a potu.

Sir Garnet Wolesley the great army commander in Zululand on the eve of his departure for South Africa, said to An American correspondent: "Do you know that the armies of Europe have learned some great lessons from General Lee? I think he was the grandest General of his age; yes, perhaps of any age; and my opinion is that the North though not very proud of him now will soon come to look upon General Lee with as much pride as the people of the South." Sir Garnet was General Lee's guest during our civil war.

Correspondent: "Will the editor please inform me where my family can go on Sundays, and be cool and comfortable, without danger of being crowded?" Answer: Go to church.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has made another reduction in its tariff, to take effect November 1st.

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